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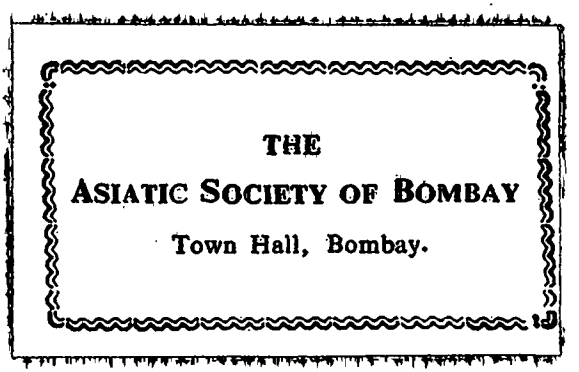

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THE

CLUBS OF LONDON;

WITH

ANECDOTES OF THEIR MEMBERS,

SKETCHES OF CHARACTER,

AND

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CONVERSATIONS.

By
Charles Marsh.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

LONDON:
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ADVERTISEMENT.

It is almost unnecessary to remind the Reader, that a few of the Anecdotes in the First Volume of this Work have already appeared in "The New Monthly Magazine."

THE

CLUBS OF LONDON,

&c.

VOL. I.

THE

CLUBS OF LONDON.

INTRODUCTION.

THERE is not a more pleasing episode in the monotonous tale of fashionable life, than a good club; nor is it national bigotry to maintain that it is exclusively an English association. The word is untranslateably English. In spite of the long standing calumny, that our habits are uncommunicative, an Englishman's club is one of the types of his moral constitution, which is essentially gregarious. It is not easy to describe all that is included in so complex an idea.

Once fetter it with the chains of a definition;—circumscribe its comforts, its enjoyments, its warm communion of heart, within the limits of any precise term,—and it is no longer a club.

Yet how grossly has this word been abused! Jacobins, Feuillans, Whigs, and Pittites have successively usurped it; as if leagues and confederations to keep alive political passions, or to propagate political sympathies, deserved a name, which, but for a gross depravation of language, would have been held sacred to the gentler intercourse, and undisturbed fellowship it originally designated!

A specific purpose pursued in confederation will not make a club; otherwise the Society for the Suppression of Vice, and the Holy Alliance, would be clubs. But in its genuine, unperverted meaning, how much is included in the phrase! what kind-hearted feelings, what a cluster of cheerful sensations and of innocent delights, lie embedded in that homely monosyllable!

We do not, by any means, claim the honours of this venerable title for several modern sub-

scription-houses, which, by a colloquial usurpation are called Clubs. They are merely substitutes for the coffee-houses, which they have superseded. It was not the love of pleasant companionship that gave them birth; but a thrifty speculation, that purveys at the cheapest rate for sensual satisfaction, and is intent on nothing more than getting, with Harpagon, *bonne chère avec peu d'argent.* The social elements of the club-room go for nothing in such a calculation. Negative qualities, merely, are the tests of admission.

Not to be wholly exceptionable; how different is this from being agreeable? To belong to a respectable class;—how tame is this to forming a class by one's self!—In short, the club-feeling does not subsist amongst the selfish and worldly beings of these places. Brought together to-day by no community of sentiment or of enjoyment, they may be dispersed to-morrow without the rupture of a single tie. No one by quitting such an association leaves a place that is felt to be void. Whether he leave it to traverse distant

countries, or descend into the cold grave, he only makes a vacancy that is instantly filled up. This is not fellowship but association; or rather a fortuitous concurrence of human atoms, cemented by no part either of the heart or the understanding.

How remote is all this from a club properly so called! There, mutual esteem, mutual habitude, mutual kindness, first directed the choice, and afterwards strengthened the union. There we find a sort of defensive alliance of all against the ills and perturbations by which each is assailed. It is the mart to which every one comes attired in his holiday feelings, and beaming with his sunshine looks; and where the kindliest commerce of friendship and good-will and gladness is carried on. Its fundamental charter is an unassuming, unenvious equality. There the first pronoun personal is obliged to keep a decent subordination. No self-important coxcomb can dictate as he pleases; no East India Colonel prose by the hour; no huckster in common gossip, ply his dirty traffic.

Yet the harmless,—the not unpleasing vani-

ties, budding out evermore from our self-love,—the trunk from which half of our qualities germinate,—good, bad, or indifferent,—these, when they assume a placid form, and trespass not against the self-love of others, as they cannot be suppressed, so they ought not to be interdicted; for they are a part of the human being, and go a great way to make him an individual. To sever them from him, would be a harsh mutilation.

He must be a sour, austere, or, in one word, an unclublike creature, who would grudge a short hearing to the narratives that confer upon us a few moments of dignity, as we recount them;—the innocent chronicles of our younger, or of our sunnier, hours, which we live over again almost in their first freshness whilst we are telling them! How cruel to cut off from us that second life, brief and momentary as it is! to exact an arithmetical precision on such an occasion; to lie on the watch, crouching for the slip of a date, then to pounce upon us, and break the whole texture to the last thread, in the wanton exercise of a mere matter-of-fact despotism!

It is the universal complaint, that the occupation of the dramatic writer is gone; and, as we are loth to admit a decline of genius as a cause for any thing in the present day, we accuse the uniformity of modern manners, and the levelling influences of fashion, of making one man merely a counterpart to his neighbour, and of leaving the comic poet classes instead of individuals for his materials. Nothing, it is said, stands out sufficiently in relief. Human society being compared to a gallery of portraits, with one invariable family simper, and as much alike, as if they had all been painted by Kneller,—the humourists, once the staple commodity of the drama, are said to have become extinct. Yet, we will venture to say, that these personages are still to be found at a club truly English, and founded on genuine club-principles. For it is there that every one gives vent to feelings which he suppresses in the artificial intercourses of life. It is there that his qualities stand out undisguised and unrestrained; that affectation and false pretence are immediately detected, and

the whole man brought forward in his just and unborrowed proportions.

In that club, the beau-ideal of clubs, "the club" *par-excellence*, (and can we mean any other than that of the Spectator?) how admirably, and by what exact and harmonious clock-work, do the humours and eccentricities of each member strike at their appointed seasons! How exquisitely modified, how tempered into a bland assimilation, is each man's especial vanity,—if that be the proper term for any thing so unoffending! Whatever the thing may be, how kindly does it tolerate the little outbreakings of it in others! There is no surly cognizance taken of the little amplifications with which our natural good-will to our own stories occasionally embellishes them; no cold, icy sneer at those half-fictions, which fancy, without our consent, sometimes entangles in the frail web of our reminiscence. The amiable and benignant Sir Roger, with his bundle of good-natured whims and prejudices, diffuses himself over the freaks of his youth, and listens in his

turn, with placid respect,—spite of their difference in politics,—to the mercantile sententiousness of Sir Andrew Freeport, the modest narrations of Captain Sentry, and the self-complacent gallantries of that battered beau, Will Honeycombe.

The age of such clubs is, alas! gone by; but Addison's, will always remain the ideal model of a perfect club, though only a shadowing froth of his fancy. In those days, however, there were real clubs, equal in every respect to that ingenious portraiture, but to which nothing now offers a parallel.

There was the Kit-Kat, where heroes and patriots, the pride and glory of the realm, soothed their grave and dignified cares, in easy, tranquil communion, within the "warm precincts" of a tavern-parlour. When that club lost its *snugness*, as it did when it became a mere political association, it soon expired.—Then flourished also the Scriblerus-club, where Swift, Harley, Arbuthnot, Pope, Gay, and Craggs the younger, mingled in nightly converse.

Nearer to our own days, was the club ori-

ginally held at the Essex-head, where the genius of Samuel Johnson, Burke, Reynolds, Goldsmith, Windham, and Fox, threw out its milder, —its evening radiance, over their easy and unrestrained communications of heart and intellect. —*Noctes, cœnæque Deorum!* The conversation in this delightful society was always unforced and natural, and ran smoothly and gently along, touching upon every topic that occurred, like Shakspeare's current, "giving a kiss to every stone it overtaketh in its pilgrimage." Even Johnson's growl was softened into something that resembled amenity; and if you examine closely the composition of that club, you will see the felicity of its contexture; and how cunningly its tints were disposed and varied through their several shades and gradations, from the rich and gorgeous glow of such minds as Burke's, to the chastised wit and unambitious pleasantry of Topham Beauclerck, the lettered ease and good sense of Bennet Langton, and then to the excellent individuals, who, though of humbler pretensions, were not stocks or stones, but of

shrewd, sterling, understandings; and whose remarks were always listened to with respect and attention. It has been asserted that there was seldom any set discussion amongst them; for, the easy copiousness and discursive range of Burke's conversation brought together so many hints and allusions, as to create a perpetual variety and alternation of discourse. This, indeed, was Burke's theory of conversation, "the perfection of which," he once remarked, "was, not to play a regular sonata, but, like the Æolian harp, to await the inspiration of the 'passing breeze.'"

We know not exactly whence it arises.—We meet in every circle, in every drawing-room, in every coffee-house, at every table, more well-informed persons than ever; but every body has remarked, that professed literary men are not pleasant or instructive companions when they meet together. A little sprinkling of them infuses an agreeable variety in a party, but, like some families, they should never visit in a groupe.—Does this well-founded reproach arise from that professional backwardness which

modestly prohibits one *star* from shining at the expense, or in the presence, of others of equal magnitude? Or is it, that, when a knot of learned personages are drawn together, they are apt to descant, in technical language, on subjects something beyond the comprehension of common mortals? and, when good manners prohibit this exclusive converse, that, an author is generally so little a man of the world, as to be unable, or unwilling, to descend to the small talk of the day?—Or is it not, rather, that, when in such company, a good thought, or new idea arises, the inspired person *prefers to reserve it* for his next Magazine Essay,—his New Novel,—or his long promised Treatise on Political Economy,—rather than, by proclaiming it on the spot, to give his literary rivals the undue advantage of priority of publication?

Literary men seldom think aloud: they think upon paper, that their thoughts may not be thrown away. They are, moreover, in company, too much on the alert in making observations upon character, and in picking up the best thoughts of other persons, to be able to afford

their share of the general entertainment. When, however, there is only one learned Theban in company, he generally shines; for, he dreads no rivalry nor *petty larceny*, and he feels himself to be the representative of his fraternity in the General Congress of Society;—the Ambassador of Apollo, at the Court of the Muses,—where he is called upon to support the credit of his profession:—the majority of his auditors consequently admire him for the instruction that falls from his lips; and they are grateful to him for removing the veil of ignorance from between their eyes and those subjects which he has particularly studied.

The best clubs, therefore, are those where men of letters, men of commerce, and men of the world, commune together: and we find now and then in a cathedral-town what perhaps is no longer to be found in the metropolis,—an association in which all these elements are happily blended. Besides, the natural character there is not effaced and worn down; a club, in a provincial city, being frequently a *hortus siccus* of all the varieties of civilized

society. There may be persons of lettered and studious habits amongst them, but not in sufficient numbers to feel a corporate spirit, or to overlay the native whim and humour of less cultured minds.

Since the time of Dr. Johnson the Clubs of eminence in London have, for the most part, been assemblages of noblemen and gentlemen connected with the Court and with the Houses of Parliament. In this elevated society, it might be thought that there would be fewer peculiarities of character than in the inferior circles;—that the process of classical education, and the usages and forms of fashionable life, would have assimilated the different individuals to one model: such, however, is not always the case; for our readers will see, in the following pages, that the wits and humourists who formed, and do form, the brilliant coteries here alluded to, present a variety of *character*, as rich and as strongly marked, as is found in the celebrated comedy which has contributed to immortalize the name of one of their most distinguished members,—RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN.

I.

SHERIDAN'S INTRODUCTION INTO BROOKES'S.

It is proper to premise, that when any gentleman is desirous of being a member of Brookes's it is necessary that two members should propose him, and that his name, with those of the proposers, should be inscribed on a board over the fire-place of the club-room, for one month before his election or rejection is decided. This must be by ballot, and if even one *black* ball be thrown into the urn the candidate cannot be admitted. This rule in the olden time was, like the Median and Persian laws, never infringed; perhaps it is not now; but the present members of the club are not so rigid as to the character, quality, and fortune of

candidates, as their fathers were. Twenty years ago the club was select and by no means numerous; a citizen or merchant could seldom or never obtain admission; and wealth alone, without high blood or transcendant talent, was generally excluded.

Within a few late years, the number of members has been extended to fifteen hundred; consequently, wealth, or a seat in the opposition, has been a pretty certain passport for admission. Election by ballot, however, still continues, and the only person who ever became a member without this ceremony was his present Majesty, then Prince of Wales. His Royal Highness entered the club in order to have more frequent intercourse with Mr. Fox; and, on his first appearance, every member got up and welcomed him by acclamation.—But to return to the subject of the present anecdote.

When Fox first became acquainted with Mr. Sheridan he was so delighted with his company and brilliant conversation, that he became exceedingly anxious to get him admitted as a member of Brookes's club, which he himself was in

the habit of frequenting every night. Sheridan was accordingly proposed, and though, on several occasions, every gentleman was earnestly canvassed to vote for him, yet he was sure to have *one black ball* whenever he was balloted for, which was of course sufficient to disqualify him.

This was carried on for many months, and it was at length resolved on by his friends to find out who the person was that so inveterately opposed the admission of the orator. Accordingly, the balls were *marked,* and old George Selwyn, (whose aristocratic prejudices would have induced him to blackball His Majesty himself, if he could not produce proofs of noble descent for three generations at least,) was discovered to be the hostile party. This circumstance was told the same evening to Mr. Sheridan, who desired that his name might be put up again as usual, and begged that the farther conduct of the matter might be left to himself.

Accordingly, on the next evening, when he was to be balloted for, Sheridan arrived at Brookes's, arm-in-arm with the Prince of Wales, just ten minutes before the balloting began.

Being shown into the candidates' waiting-room, the waiter was ordered to tell Mr. Selwyn that the Prince desired to speak with him in the room below-stairs immediately. Selwyn obeyed the summons without delay; and Sheridan, to whom, by the by, he had no personal dislike, entertained him for half-an-hour with a political story, which interested him very much, but which, of course, had no foundation in truth.

During Selwyn's absence, the balloting went on, and Sheridan was chosen; which circumstance was announced to himself and the Prince by the entrance of the waiter, who made the preconcerted signal, by stroking his chin with his hand. Sheridan immediately got up, and apologizing for an absence of a few minutes, told Mr. Selwyn, "that the Prince would finish the narrative, the catastrophe of which he would find very *remarkable*."

He now made his way up-stairs, and his name being sent in to Mr. Fox, the latter came out, took him by the hand, and introduced him with all due formality to the Club; all the members of which welcomed him, by

shaking hands, and with the most flattering compliments.—Sheridan was now in his glory!

The Prince, in the mean time, was left in no enviable situation; for, he had not the least idea of being left to conclude a story, the thread of which (if it had a thread) he had entirely forgotten; or which, perhaps, his eagerness to serve Sheridan's cause, prevented him from listening to, with sufficient attention, to take up where Sheridan had dropped it. Still, by means of his auditor's occasional assistance in the way of prompting, he contrived, with a good deal of humming and hawing, to get on pretty well for a few minutes, when a question from old Selwyn, as to the flat contradiction of a part of his Royal Highness's story to that of Sheridan, completely pozed him, and he stuck fast.

Having endeavoured to set himself right by floundering about a good deal, and finding that it was all labour in vain, the Prince at length burst out into a loud laugh at the ludicrous figure which he cut, and exclaimed, "D——n the fellow! to leave me to finish his infernal story, of which I know as much as the child

unborn! But never mind, Selwyn, as Sherry does not seem inclined to come back, let us go up stairs, and I dare say Fox, or some of them, will be able to tell you all about it."

They accordingly adjourned to the Club Room, and old George, who did not know what to make of the matter, had his eyes completely opened to the whole manœuvre, when on his entrance, Sheridan rising, made him a low bow, and thus addressed him,—"'Pon my honour, Mr. Selwyn, I beg pardon for being absent so long; but the fact is, I happened to drop into devilish good company:—they have just been making me a member, without even one *black ball*, and here I am."

"The devil they have!" exclaimed George.

"Facts speak for themselves," replied Sheridan, "and as I know you are very glad of my election, accept my grateful thanks (*pressing his hand on his breast and bowing very low*) for *your* friendly suffrage. And now, if you will sit down by me, I'll finish my story; for I dare say his Royal Highness has found considerable difficulty in doing justice to its merits."

"Your story! it's all a lie from beginning to end!" screamed out Selwyn, amidst immoderate fits of laughter from all parts of the room.

The old man now sat down, growling, at the nearest whist table; but, in a short time, he could not help joining in the peals of mirth which were occasioned by the trick that had been played him; and before the evening was over, he shook hands with Sheridan, and kindly bade him welcome.

Poor Sheridan remained many years a member, and was the delight of all. He paid his subscription, it is true:—that is, twenty guineas the first year, and twelve every succeeding one;—but his account with the house was, alas! like all his other debts, continually on the increase. When he was turned out of office, the partners who managed the concerns of the club, seeing no chance of their claim being ever cancelled, would fain have DISMEMBERED him; but his fascinating conversation had made him so many *friends*, that it was more than they dared to refuse him a bottle when he called for it; or to forget to lay a knife and fork for

him, when the members chose to dine together on grand occasions.

There is no doubt but Sheridan would have paid all his debts if it lay within his power to do so; but his wishes on that score, compared with his well-known want of economy, were like Paine's simile of Mr. Pitt's theory of Finance: viz. that the power of the Sinking Fund to redeem the national debt was like that of a man with a *wooden leg*, trying to overtake a hare:—the longer he ran, the farther he was behind! Mr. Sheridan was sufficiently sensible that some apology, or "promise to pay," was due to the proprietors; and he never failed, on proper occasions, to amuse them with flattering prospects of the future. In these, he deceived himself more than those whom he attempted to cajole; still, he was at all times a welcome guest at Brookes's; for the gentlemen above alluded to, continued to grant that with a good grace, which they could not refuse nor withdraw without considerable offence to the oldest and most respected members.

II.

FIGHTING FITZGERALD.

WHILST on the subject of *sinister admission* to the club, the writer cannot do better than relate the very singular and whimsical manner in which Mr. George Robert Fitzgerald *forced* his way into Brookes's. This personage, it is well known, though nearly related to one of the first families in Ireland, (*Leinster*,) was publicly executed in the year 1786, for a murder which he had coolly premeditated; and which he and others had perpetrated in a most cruel and cowardly manner.

The fame, or rather infamy, which encircled his brows, from having been the survivor in a great many duels, became, at length, the cause of the most ferocious haughtiness; and

greatly increased his overbearing and quarrelsome disposition. His duelling propensities, however, kept him out of all the first clubs in London, and rendered him at once, both an object of terror and of hatred; and even when he was introduced at the Court of France, where single combat was not so much reprehended as in Great Britain, the young Monarch, (the unfortunate Louis XVI.,) could not help showing his abhorrence of a professed duellist, by uttering a most deserved sarcasm on Fitzgerald, and by refusing to admit him a second time to his levée.

The gentleman who introduced him (the English Ambassador,) having said, "I have the honour to introduce to your Majesty, Mr. Fitzgerald, an Irishman of high descent; who, in his time, has successfully fought no less than eighteen duels, and always killed his man;" the King replied, "Monsieur L'Ambassadeur, I have read your famous English history of Jack the Giant Killer; and I think, it may be greatly improved by adding this Irishman's life by way of appendix.—Let him

retire!" His Majesty further observed to the Ambassador, in the duellist's hearing, that if Mr. Fitzgerald showed a disposition to quarrel with any of *his* subjects, he should order him to quit France in twenty-four hours.

But, to avoid further digression, the writer has to state, that Fitzgerald having once applied to Admiral Keith Stewart to propose him as a candidate for Brookes's, the worthy admiral well knowing, that he must either fight or comply with his request, chose the latter alternative. Accordingly, on the night in which the balloting was to take place, (which was only a mere form in this case; for even Keith Stewart himself had resolved to *blackball* him,) the duellist accompanied the gallant admiral to St. James's-street, and waited in the room below, whilst the suffrages were taking, in order to know the issue.

The ballot was soon over; for without hesitation, each member threw in a *blackball;* and when the scrutiny took place, the company were not a little amazed, to find not even *one* white one among the number: however, the point of

rejection being carried *nem. con.*, the grand affair now was, as to which of the members had the hardihood to announce the same to the expectant candidate. No one would undertake the office, for the announcement was sure to produce a challenge; and a duel with Fighting Fitzgerald had in almost every case been fatal to his opponent. The general opinion, however, was, that the proposer, Admiral Stewart, should convey the intelligence, and that in as polite terms as possible; but the Admiral, who was certainly, on all proper occasions, a very gallant officer, was not inclined to go on any such embassy.

"No, gentlemen," said he; "I proposed the fellow because I knew you would not admit him; but, by G—d, I have no inclination to risk my life against that of a madman."

"But, Admiral," replied the Duke of Devonshire, "there being no *whiteball* in the box, he must know, that *you* have blackballed him as well as the rest, and he is sure to call you out, at all events."

This was a poser for the poor Admiral, who sat silent for a few seconds, amidst the half-suppressed titter of the members. At length, joining in the laugh against himself, he exclaimed, "Upon my soul! a pleasant job I've got into. D—n the fellow!—No matter!—I won't go:—let the waiter tell him, that there was *one* black ball, and that his name must be put up again if he wishes it."

This plan appeared so judicious, that all concurred in its propriety. Accordingly, the waiter was in a few minutes after despatched on the mission.

In the meantime, Mr. Fitzgerald showed evident symptoms of impatience at being kept so long from his "dear friends" above-stairs; and frequently rang the bell, to know *the state of the poll.* On the first occasion, he thus addressed the waiter who answered his summons: "Come here, my tight little fellow; do you know if I am *chose* yet?"

"I really can't say, Sir," replied the young man—"but I'll see."

"There 's a nice little man: be quick d'ye see; and I 'll give ye sixpence when ye come with the good news."

Away went the *little man*; but he was in no hurry to come back: for he, as well as his fellows, were sufficiently aware of Fitzgerald's violent temper, and wished to come in contact with him as seldom as possible.

The bell rang again—and to another waiter, the impatient candidate put the same question: "Am I *chose* yet, *waither?*"

"The balloting is not over yet, Sir," replied the man.

"Not over yet!" exclaimed Fitzgerald; "but sure, there is no use of balloting at all, when my dear friends are all unanimous for me to come in. Run, my man, and let me know how they are getting on."

After the lapse of another quarter of an hour, the bell was rung so violently as to produce a contest among the poor servants, as to whose turn it was next to visit the lion in his den! and Mr. Brookes, seeing no alternative but resolution, took the message from the waiter, who

was descending the staircase, and boldly entered the room with a coffee-equipage in his hand.—"Did you call for coffee, Sir?" said Mr. Brookes smartly.

"D—n your coffee, Sur! and you too:" answered Mr. Fitzgerald, in a voice which made the host's blood curdle in his veins.—"I want to know, Sur, and that without one moment's delay, Sur, if I'm *chose* yet?"

"Oh, Sir!" replied Mr. Brookes, who trembled from head to foot, but attempted to smile away the appearance of fear: "I beg your pardon, Sir; but I was just coming to announce to you, Sir,—with Admiral Stewart's compliments, Sir,—that unfortunately, there was one black ball in the box, Sir: and consequently by the rules of the club, Sir, no candidate can be admitted without a new election, Sir;—which cannot take place by the standing regulations of the Club, Sir—until one month from this time, Sir!"

During this address, Fitzgerald's irascibility appeared to undergo considerable *mollification:* and, at its conclusion, the terrified

landlord was not a little surprised and pleased to find his guest shake him by the hand, which he squeezed heartily between his own two, saying, "My dear Mr. Brookes, *I'm chose!* and I give ye much joy; for I'll warrant ye'll find me the best customer in your house! but there must be a small matter of a mistake in my *election;* and as I should not wish to be so ungenteel as to take my *sate* among my dear friends above-stairs, until that mistake is duly rectified, you'll just step up and make my compliments to the gentlemen, and say, as it is only a mistake of *one* black ball, they will be so good as to waive all ceremony on my account, and proceed to *re-elect* their humble servant without any more delay at all; so now, my dear Mr. Brookes, you may put down the coffee, and I'll be drinking it while the new *election* is going on!"

Away went Mr. Brookes, glad enough to escape with whole bones, for this time at least. On announcing the purport of his errand to the assembly above-stairs, many of the members were panic-struck, for they clearly foresaw that

some disagreeable circumstance was likely to be the finale of the farce which they had been playing. Mr. Brookes stood silent for some minutes, waiting for an answer, whilst several of the members, whispered and laughed in groupes at the ludicrous figure which they all cut. At length, the Earl of March (afterwards Duke of Queensbury) said aloud, "Try the effect of *two* black balls: d—n his Irish impudence, if two balls don't take effect upon him, I don't know what will." This proposition met with unanimous approbation, and Mr. Brookes was ordered to communicate accordingly.

On re-entering the waiting-room, Mr. Fitzgerald rose hastily from his chair, and seizing him by the hand, eagerly inquired, "Have they *elected* me right, now, Mr. Brookes?"

"I hope no offence, Mr. Fitzgerald," said the landlord; "but I am sorry to inform you that the result of the second balloting is—that *two* black balls were dropped in, Sir."

"By J——s, then," exclaimed Fitzgerald, "there 's now *two mistakes* instead of one. Go

back, my dear friend, and tell the honourable members that it is a very uncivil thing to keep a gentleman waiting below stairs, with no one to keep him company but himself, whilst they are enjoying themselves with their champaigne, and their cards, and their tokay, up above. Tell them to try again, and I hope they will have better luck this time, and make no more mistakes, because it 's getting late, and I *won't* be *chose* to-night at all. So, now, Mr. Brookes, be off with yourself, and *lave* the door open till I see what despatch you make."

Away went Mr. Brookes, for the last time. On announcing his unwelcome errand, every one saw that palliative measures only prolonged the dilemma; and General Fitzpatrick proposed that Brookes should tell him, "His cause was hopeless, for that he was *black balled all over*, from head to foot, and it was hoped by all the members that Mr. Fitzgerald would not persist in thrusting himself into society where his company was declined."

This message, it was generally believed,

would prove a sickener, as it certainly would have done to any other candidate under similar circumstances. Not so, however, to Fitzgerald, who no sooner heard the purport of it, than he exclaimed, "Oh, I perceive it is *a mistake altogether*, Mr. Brookes, and I must see to the rectifying of it myself; there 's nothing like *daling* with principals; and so I 'll step up at once and put this thing to rights, without any more unnecessary delay."

In spite of Mr. Brookes's remonstrance that his entrance into the Club-room was against all rule and etiquette, Fitzgerald found his way up stairs, threatening to throw the landlord over the banisters for endeavouring to stop him. He entered the room without any further ceremony than a bow; saying to the members, who indignantly rose up at this most unexpected intrusion, "Your servant, Gentlemen! I beg ye will be *sated*."

Walking up to the fire-place, he thus addressed Admiral Stewart:—"So, my dear Admiral, Mr. Brookes informs me that I have been *elected* three times."

"You have been balloted for, Mr. Fitzgerald, but I am sorry to say you have not been chosen," said Stewart.

"Well, then," replied the duellist, "did *you* black-ball me?"

"My good Sir," answered the Admiral, "how could you suppose such a thing!"

"Oh, I *supposed* no such thing, my dear fellow, I only want to know who it was that dropped the black balls in by accident, as it were."

Fitzgerald now went up to each individual member, and put the same question *seriatim*, "Did you black-ball me, Sur?" until he made the round of the whole club; and it may well be supposed, that in every case he obtained similar answers to that of the Admiral. When he had finished his inquisition, he thus addressed the whole body, who preserved as dead and dread a silence as the urchins at a parish school do on a Saturday, when the pedagogue orders half a score of them to be *horsed* for neglecting their catechism, which they have to repeat to the parson on Sunday:—"You see, gentlemen,

that as none of ye have blackballed me, *I must be chose;* and it is Misthur Brookes that has made the mistake. But I was convinced of it from the beginning, and I am only sorry that so much time has been lost as to prevent honourable gentlemen from enjoying each other's good company sooner. *Waither!*—come here you *raskal*, and bring me a bottle of champaigne, till I drink long life to the club, and wish them joy of their unanimous election of a *rael* gentleman by father and mother, and——" This part of Fitzgerald's address excited the risible muscles of every one present, but he soon restored them to their former lugubrious position, by casting around him a ferocious look, and saying in a voice of thunder,—"*and who never missed his man!*—Go for the champaigne, *Waither;* and d'ye hear, Sur, tell your *Masthur*, Misthur Brookes that is, not to make any more mistakes about *black-balls;* for though it is below a gentleman to call him out, I will find other *manes* of giving him a bagfull of broken bones!"

The members now saw that there was nothing

for it but to send the intruder to Coventry, which they appeared to do by tacit agreement; for, when Admiral Stewart departed, which he did almost immediately, Mr. Fitzgerald found himself completely *cut* by all "his dear friends." The gentlemen now formed themselves into groupes at the several whist tables; and no one chose to reply to his observations, nor to return even a nod to the toasts and healths which he drank whilst discussing three bottles of the sparkling liquor, which the terrified waiter placed before him, in succession. At length, finding that no one would *communicate* with him in *either kind*,—either for drinking or for fighting,—he arose, and making a low bow, took his leave as follows:—

"Gentlemen, I bid you all good night; I am very glad to find ye so *sociable;* I 'll take care to come earlier next night, and we 'll have a little more of it, *plase* G—d."

The departure of this bully was a great relief to every one present; for, the restraint caused by his vapouring and insolent behaviour was most intolerable. The conversation immedi-

ately became general, and it was unanimously agreed that half a dozen stout constables should be in waiting the next evening to lay him by the heels and bear him off to the watch-house, if he attempted again to intrude. Of some such measure Fitzgerald seemed to be aware, for he never showed himself at Brookes's again, though he boasted everywhere that he had been unanimously chosen a member of the club!

The writer trusts that none of his readers are impressed with the idea, that want of personal courage on the part of any member, contributed in the smallest degree to prevent Fitzgerald from being kicked out of a society into which he had so unwarrantably thrust himself: more particularly when he considers that the whole affair was so eccentric as to create mirth rather than a desire to inflict chastisement; and that many, particularly the junior members, had no small curiosity to witness the termination of an adventure so impudently and so ludicrously carried on. But, these considerations apart, it is not to be supposed that

men whose courage, on ordinary occasions, might easily be "screwed up to the sticking point," should be very ready, as Admiral Stewart expressed it, "to risk their lives against that of a madman." Moreover, in addition to the well-founded and rational dislike which many men have to duelling, family considerations, and a natural love of life, were sufficient to deter any man of sense from encountering the *fighting Fitzgerald*, either with sword or pistol; for, being a really good swordsman and marksman, and being accounted almost *invulnerable* in his own person, the result of a combat with him ceased to be an affair of chance, but amounted to a *dead* certainty. Is it surprising then, that no gentleman should have had the hardihood to espouse the cause of *all*, by throwing away his own life on the desperate chance of overcoming a professed bully?

Those readers who are not aware of other particulars in Mr. Fitzgerald's history, will express their wonder at his *extraordinary success* as a duellist; and that too, not so much from

his prowess, as that he should so constantly have *escaped, almost without a hurt!*—Could this enigma have been explained in the early part of his career, his name would not have conveyed so much terror to the hearts of those who had the misfortune to fall into his company.

George Robert Fitzgerald has been compared to Lord Camelford; but there is no possible resemblance, for though the latter fought several duels, it is well known that he generally had sufficient provocation, and that he received many insults which he never thought worthy of public notice: in short, his general deportment was mild, and he never *sought* a quarrel; for which Fitzgerald was on the constant look-out.—Camelford likewise, had a most generous heart; for, whilst the attention of the fashionable world was taken up with his eccentricities, he was in the habit of performing many private charitable acts among those of the poor who were *ashamed to beg*. His charities were invariably administered under an assumed name; and he never failed to threaten those whose

curiosity he suspected, with a suspension of their salary, if they dared to follow him or tried to find out who their benefactor was.

He usually went on such expeditions at night; and he has often left a crowded and brilliant assembly, to dress himself in an old brown coat and slouched hat, in order to visit some poor family in the crowded courts between Drury Lane and Charing Cross. In such deeds as these, and at an expense of several thousands a year, did this *unaffected* philanthropist pass the hours which he stole from the dissipation of high life; and his protégées were not aware of the name or quality of their benefactor, until his untimely fate put a period to his munificent donations.

That Mr. Fitzgerald (unlike his countrymen, generally,) was totally devoid of generosity, no one who ever knew him will doubt; therefore, there is no point of resemblance between him and the nobleman above-mentioned—not even in the *mode of meeting* his antagonist.—Camelford came into the field

with all parts of his person *equally exposed*, and really braved death:—indeed it is an insult to his memory, to mention them together. Fitzgerald on all such occasions had his chest, &c. *cased in a steel cuirass*, as the following circumstance will prove:—it will at the same time sufficiently account for his extraordinary success.

He once provoked a gentleman, (Major Cunningham, an old friend of the writer's,) to fight him. The weapon agreed on was the small sword; and both parties, for some time, appeared to be well-matched: at length, a judiciously aimed thrust at Fitzgerald's breast would have laid him upon the turf, had not the Major's sword bent round and snapped in two, near the middle, owing to the point striking forcibly against a *polished hard surface*. Enraged at such a dishonourable and cowardly resource, Cunningham pulled off his hat, and flinging it with all his might in Fitzgerald's face, exclaimed, "You infernal rascal!—so, this is the way in which you have been enabled to overcome so many

brave men: but *I* shall take care that you fight no more duels! Cowardly dog!" As he uttered the last words, he rushed towards him, in order to despatch him with the remaining part of the sword which he still held in his hand; but Fitzgerald turning round, took to his heels with all his might, and, running across several fields, took shelter in a farm house. His opponent eagerly pursued him, followed by the amazed seconds, who could by no means comprehend the cause of this mysterious chase.

When they arrived at the cottage, the gentleman mounted the stairs, and searched all around for several minutes, but the redoubted hero was no where to be found: he had escaped by jumping out of a back window, at the very instant his antagonist had entered the house.*

* The probability of this account has been questioned in a popular Weekly Journal: the writer, however, assures the public that it is strictly and circumstantially true; for which reason he has inserted the name of Fitzgerald's antagonist. As to the fact of Fitzgerald's taking to his heels when Cunningham's sword was broken, that is easily accounted for by the shame of detection in his unfair and ungentlemanly practices.

Soon after this occurrence, Fitzgerald fell a victim to his ferocious disposition, and perished by the hands of a common hangman. In his wardrobe, after his death, were found several *cuirasses*, constructed of iron or steel plates, lined with flannel: and several of his coats, &c. were found to be what is technically termed *papered;* that is, wadded and quilted with sheets of that material. Thus, the whole conduct of his life confirms the opinion of a celebrated philosopher, "That whatever may be the physical strength of a bully, he has no moral courage; for, however fierce his demeanour, he is surely a coward at heart."

III.

NOCTES FOXIANÆ.—No. I.

Not only as the leader of Opposition, but likewise as a philosopher, a *bon vivant*, and a wit of the first order, was Mr. Fox esteemed by every gentlemen who frequented Brookes's. His acuteness of observation, profundity of thought, and extensive knowledge of almost every subject, joined to his courteous and affable deportment, rendered him the revered oracle of the Club. The greatest deference was at all times paid to his opinions; and he himself was held in such general respect, that his presence often acted as a check to the occasional ebullitions of levity on the part of the junior members: so much, indeed, was this

great statesman held in consideration, that, though he had married the well-known Mrs. Armstead, respecting whom their remarks previously had often been pretty free; still, after that lady became Mrs. Fox, no man ever opened his mouth respecting her, even with the most qualified censure; nor did they even allude to the former passages of her life:—by becoming the wife of this illustrious man, her character became sacred.

Mr. Fox's conversation was on all occasions a great treat; for he displayed so much political sagacity and benevolent feeling in his observations, that, like those of the philosophers of old, they were listened to with grateful attention by all who could conveniently obtain a seat near him. The Prince of Wales was his favourite pupil; and to him were directed many useful and important observations on the duties of a sovereign, and the rights of a free people.

Brought up, as it were, at the "feet of Gamaliel," the Prince enjoyed opportunities of imbibing instruction that fall to the lot of very

few. During his father's reign, or rather until the Regency, being without any public employment, he had no means of displaying his talents or acquirements; and, unfortunately, at that period the existing ministry took care that the *grand condition* for entrusting him with power, should be, that, from that moment, he would withdraw himself totally from the Whigs, and implicitly submit himself to their own direction, where direction should be thought necessary. This was the *true cause* of the appearance of ingratitude to his *quondam* friends and associates, on the part of an otherwise amiable man; and that he has always been so, every one who has had an opportunity of witnessing his actions in private life, can amply and conscientiously testify.

Of such conversations as are above-mentioned, the reader shall now be presented with a specimen, and they shall be continued occasionally during the progress of this work.

POLITICAL PROPHECIES.

The novel and surprising circumstances which every day transpired during the early years of the French Revolution, formed the interesting and common theme of conversation in every political circle; and, of course, at Brookes's, the earliest intelligence of fresh events was anxiously listened to by each member, and duly commented on, according to his particular views. Whilst the French were engaged in bursting the fetters of feudal tyranny which had bound them for ages; when they levelled the Bastille, and put an end to the infamous *Lettres de Cachet;* and when they published their glorious Constitution of 1789, the heart and hand of every liberal Englishman responded sympathy and applause: but when they insulted, dethroned, and decapitated their Sovereign,—whilst faction after faction spread terror, death, and ruin, throughout the kingdom;—when the angel of desolation, who first personated, and then treacherously destroyed the goddess Liberty!—drunk, but not satiated,

with the blood of her numerous victims, threw off the mask;—when this democratic fiend exhibited, to the terrified nations of Europe, her disgusting and horrid aspect in all its native deformity;—when, attired in a red night-cap, and in the ragged and filthy garb of a *poissarde*, she discarded even the *appearance* of decency and humanity;—when, thus accoutred, and armed with the still reeking axe of the guillotine, she expanded her pestiferous wings, and threatened a flight into the British Isles,—many of the friends of the Revolution recoiled with dread and horror, and with one voice reprobated that which they had once so much admired.

No one felt more keen disappointment at the terrible re-action which took place in France, than Mr. Fox. "The Tree of Liberty," he said, more than once, "has been grafted on that of despotism; and bitter and unnatural is the fruit that has been produced:—the soil, I fear, is not congenial to its growth; for, as Voltaire said of his countrymen, they combine the ferocity of the tiger with the mischievous-

ness of the monkey. The French have been so long sunk in the abyss of misery, as to be rendered incapable of enjoying true liberty."

When the news of the stoppage and capture of Louis XVI. at Varennes, arrived in London, universal consternation was spread among those who had fondly hoped that he had escaped the toils of his turbulent enemies, by passing the frontier. Mr. Fox was one of those; not that he wished the French king to become a rallying point to the emigrants, who were ready to invade their native country at the head of an army of foreigners, and to bring back the ancient order of things; but he felt pleased, that this good-natured, weak, and unfortunate monarch should thus have his life and liberty ensured; of which, whilst he remained in his own country, he was not certain for one moment.

"The die is cast," he exclaimed, when he heard of the capture:—"the King of France is a prisoner in the hands of his own subjects, and they will soon bring him to the block! Ah! poor King! Little did you think, whilst you were assisting the Americans to break their

chains,—which pressed but lightly after all,—that you were forging fetters, from which you yourself will be freed only by death. The blow which you gave us in our colonies, now recoils upon yourself; for, your subjects, in fighting for the liberty of foreigners, have learned to appreciate its value to themselves.—Where it will end, God only knows!"

"But, Sir," said a gentleman present, "the French will not surely put Louis to death?"

"As surely," replied Fox, "as our fanatical Parliament took off the head of Charles. The King of France has already rendered himself contemptible to the powerful party by his concessions; but this last act of flight, will cause his sincerity to be suspected by the whole nation; so that, all future compliances will be considered as mere subterfuge until he can again escape and return with a powerful army to reduce them to obedience. He is now without even the shadow of power—a prisoner in his own kingdom; and his enemies only wait a fit opportunity for bringing him to trial and execution."

"But if they even put him to death," observed a royal Duke, "the Dauphin must succeed to the throne?"

"By no means a necessary consequence under the new system," replied Mr. Fox; "for, however the succession may be secured by law, as it stands at present, the National Assembly have it in their power to alter or abrogate that law, as they may think fit, for what they will term the *common weal.* I think it not at all unlikely, from the sentiments so frequently uttered in the Assembly, and from the wide dissemination of the Declaration of Rights and other democratic writings throughout the kingdom, that France will soon be *voted a Republic;* and some bold fellow, or rather some intriguer, like Orleans, will become Dictator. This state of things, however, cannot last long, for the French *are not republicans;*— they are too numerous, too volatile. They possess neither the gravity and calculating spirit of the Dutch, nor the patience and industry of the Americans."

"But, what accusation," said the Prince,

" can they bring forward so formidable as to warrant them in putting him to death;—or even in bringing him to trial at all?"

" Louis," replied Mr. Fox, " will no doubt be accused of treasonable correspondence with the emigrant Princes; and, if this be supported by proof, nothing can save him. But, even if it should not, his enemies will not hesitate to get rid of him and the whole of his family, by poison or by the dagger."

" But why, Sir," continued the Prince, do " you apprehend his death to be inevitable, seeing that he has only done what many others would have done in his situation?"

" It is not the mere act of running away," replied Mr. Fox; " but that, now, all confidence between him and the rest of the government and nation is destroyed. Having it in his power *now* to give no pledge that will secure pardon for the insults and violence that have been offered to him, the democratic faction will see that there is no safety for them but in the extinction of his whole family."

" But, may not imprisonment—?"

"No! an imprisoned king is at all times an object of anxiety and dread, even to the most powerful rival; how much more so then must he be to these usurpers, each of whom already feels the halter round his neck, or, like Damocles, sees the sword suspended over his head by a single hair?—Besides, the encampment of an invading army on their frontiers will only serve to seal, and perhaps hasten, the doom of the unfortunate monarch: for the whole nation is in a state of frenzy; and, being threatened with punishment, they will do that in a fit of daring and desperation, at which, if left to themselves, they would perhaps hesitate."

"Would not interference on the part of my father—?"

"These democrats," returned Fox, shaking his head, "are too proud to be advised by Kings; besides, Louis, by having sworn to the New Constitution, gave them a power over him; for he is thereby responsible to the nation for all his acts."

"But supposing a remonstrance were made, and a sufficient guarantee offered?"

"I fear, Sir, it is too late," replied Mr. Fox: "had the King of France conducted himself at the outset with the wisdom and firmness due to his elevated station—*had he gone, heart and hand, in the Revolution, as far as the reformation of abuses and the cutting up of the feudal, or rather seignorial, privileges; and there taken his stand,* saying,—'I am your constitutional King! thus far have I come, but I will advance no farther, nor 'bate one atom of my royal prerogative;'—had he said this, the French would have applauded their *grande monarque* to the skies, and he would have been the most powerful sovereign in Europe;—whereas, by yielding everything, he is now the weakest."

"But you must allow, Sir," observed His Royal Highness, "that events were against him."

"They certainly were," returned Mr. Fox, "and neither he nor his ministers had sufficient ability or strength to stem the torrent of revolutionary lava that flowed so suddenly upon them from all quarters. The volcano has been labouring ever since the expensive wars of

Louis XIV., and its throes are not yet over. Eruption after eruption will take place, until the mountain is exhausted, or nearly levelled with the surrounding plain. France was divided between misery and splendour: the mass of the people toiled without remuneration; and the aristocracy and clergy became rich, powerful, and insolent, by extortion, by pillage, and by exemption from those taxes which pressed so heavily on the people. This exclusive system was unnatural, and the re-action must consequently be violent,—until the energies of the nation are exhausted, or until the people shall begin to feel the benefit of the restoration of their rights. The time is gone by when a bone would have quieted the dog: he will now fight for the whole carcase."

"But, Sir, as it was impossible to foresee these events, how could the King or his counsellors have prevented them?"

"It was very easy to see," continued the statesman, "that the unnatural state of things under the *ancien regime* could not last. It might easily have been foreseen that the in-

creasing misery of the people must, in the course of time, have had an end, either by general revolt or by general starvation: many of the people themselves foresaw it: the eyes of the nation were gradually opening by the writings of the philosophers of late years, but particularly by the American war; and they were prepared to assert their rights on the first opportunity that offered. But the Government put off the evil day as long as they could; for they had no desire to clip the wings of the aristocracy, so long as the taxes were collected and the treasury well supplied.

"Not, however, that they were not well apprised that some great change must occur at some period not far distant. Even Louis XV. foresaw it, and his observation was, I am afraid, but too prophetic of present events. During the contests between the clergy and the Parliament, he came in one day to the Marchioness de Pompadour, in great irritation, saying, 'These fellows drive me mad with their disputes; and because I cannot please both parties, they would vent their rage upon

me, if they dared: unless some measures are projected and acted on, to curb their insolence, they will cut off the head of my successor.' A Princess, too, of the same family had forebodings of some such catastrophe. When this modern Cassandra heard some officers who returned from America speak of a disorder, termed *Influenza*, which had raged throughout the French army,—which many of the soldiers had brought home with them,—and which, it was feared, would prove contagious throughout the kingdom; she said to one of them, 'I fear, General, that you and your troops have imported a disease of a still more contagious and terrific character, *Independenza!*'

"But even our own poet, Goldsmith, so far back as 1760, in his Chinese Letters, foretold the present Revolution in France. He says somewhere, that as the Swedes were making concealed approaches to *despotism*, so the French on the other hand were daily and imperceptibly vindicating themselves into *freedom*. 'When we consider,' says he, 'that their Parliaments, the members of which are created by the court, and

the presidents acting by immediate direction of the sovereign or minister;—when we consider that they *presume even to* MENTION *privileges and freedom*, and that till lately they received directions from the throne with implicit humility; —we cannot help fancying that the Genius of Freedom has entered that kingdom in disguise. *If they have but three weak monarchs successively on the throne*, the mask will be laid aside, and *France will certainly be free.*' " *

In accordance with the above sentiments, wherein Mr. Fox discriminated between licentiousness and liberty, he more than once, whilst advocating the cause of Reform in the House of Commons, reprobated the democratic writings of Paine and others. He was called on to do this, for his own vindication from the insolent aspersions of Mr. Burke, who, after going over to the Ministry, attributed to him and his party the general disaffection to the Government which prevailed throughout the coun-

* The Earl of Chesterfield, likewise, who died in 1773, foretold that the French Monarchy would not last to the end of the eighteenth century.

try. On one occasion, Mr. Fox went even farther, viz. at the Whig Club, some time in 1791.

The apparently successful example of the French Revolution had set the whole kingdom in a ferment; and nothing short of *altering* the *form* of the government, seemed likely to content the democratic part of the public; among whom, several names of considerable influence had been enrolled. Mr. Fox was alarmed; for he by no means wished to go such lengths; and he foresaw that even the question of reform itself was a dangerous subject to be agitated at this critical period. He therefore without compromising his principles, resolved to withdraw his sanction from their proceedings, which he did in the following words:— "However warmly I may have wished and indeed still wish, for reform in the system of our representation, I certainly do not agree with a considerable number of my friends who have revived the question with such spirit and vigour at the present moment. Depend on it, gentlemen, this is not the proper season for agitating this important question. By

striving for a *part, now*, we run the risk of losing the *whole.*"

This candid avowal of his sentiments, however, did not add to Mr. Fox's popularity: indeed, many of his auditors felt considerable offence at what they termed a desertion of the public cause, and a sort of deputation of three of them waited on him next day, to remonstrate.

He received them in his dressing-room, and in answer to their appeals to his former political professions, he said, "Gentlemen, I perceive that you are going far beyond the mark:—you wish for a revolution, and to establish some sort of republic, or God knows what sort of system,—I wish no such thing: and you have mistaken me entirely. But I have no time to discuss forms of government now; for I am just going under the hands of the barber. Sit down, however; you may amuse yourselves with a book whilst I am dressing."

He then directed his servant to go for a particular book, which, having opened, he presented to one of them, with a leaf folded down, saying:—"There, Sir, read,—read *pro bono publico*: you

will there find opinions on republicanism which I think you will allow to be incontrovertible: they are the opinions of an excellent man and a sound constitutional lawyer,—Delamere, Earl of Warrington. Although firmly attached to William the Third, he delivered that charge to the grand jury of Wiltshire, not long before the abdication of James the Second."

The gentleman read as follows:—"I am apt to believe that those persons who are not contented with the government of England, have not considered aright what a *commonwealth* is. A commonwealth makes a sound and shadow of liberty to the people, but in reality is but a monarchy under another name. For, if monarchy be tyranny under a single person, a commonwealth is tyranny under several persons: as many persons that govern, so many tyrants; but, let it be the *best* that can be, yet the people under any commonwealth enjoy not that liberty which *we* do.

"Gentlemen, as the excellency of the English government is an argument sufficient to dissuade any of us from the least attempt

at alteration; so, experience has taught us, that *no sort of government but that under which we live, will suit or agree with England.* Let us but consider the late troubles: how many several kinds of government were then set up, one after another! All ways were tried, but nothing would do, till we were returned to our old and *ancient way.*"

"Well, Gentlemen," said Mr. Fox, "what think you of that? don't you think that the Earl is in the right; and, that, instead of adopting the political theories of visionary schemers, we had not better stick to the natural and ancient orders of King, Lords, and Commons? Our Constitution is good, although some of the limbs and organs are rather out of repair; we shall, at a fitting time, do all in our power to restore them to health and vigour; but, in the present critical state of the patient, I deem it more than dangerous to attempt a remedy. When the time arrives, however, that we can administer a dose of Reform with safety, I shall be happy to join you—heart and hand. In the mean time, permit me to relate an anec-

dote which applies very well to the present business, and to all those who are desirous of pulling down the ancient fabric of our Constitution:

"In the year 1567, when the Scotch fanatics, headed by that arch-barbarian, John Knox, were desolating their country, by pulling down the cathedrals and monasteries, and destroying the other institutions of their forefathers, they were stopped in their progress, or, rather, they were prevented from *completing* their work of destruction, by the sagacious remark of a simple countryman. This man, who was gardener to a neighbouring abbey or convent, happened to be in Glasgow when the mob were rushing towards the cathedral of that city and bellowing forth their usual war-cry of, '*Pull down the rooks' nests, and then the foul birds winna' come back;*' which signified, that when the buildings were destroyed, the priests, who had fled in every direction, would have no temptation to return at a future period.

"The gardener, having contrived to arrest their attention, thus addressed them:—'My

friends, are ye all mad?—Why would ye destroy the cathedral? why pull down that fine building—the ornament of your city? Cannot you make it a house for serving God in your own way? for I am sure it will cost you a great deal of money to build such another.'

"The multitude looked at each other with surprise and shame, for their religious fervor had prevented such an idea from before entering their minds; they desisted, and having thanked the gardener by loud acclamations, returned quietly to their homes. The cathedral in question was the only one in Scotland that remained entire; and divine service is performed in it until the present day.—Go ye, and do likewise."

The deputies, convinced of Mr. Fox's political honesty, thanked him for his plain-dealing, and departed.

IV.

NOCTES FOXIANÆ.—No. II.

ELOQUENCE.

During the first years of Buonaparte's career, as General in Chief, and First Consul, it is well known that his proclamations to the army, his addresses to the conquered nations, and his bulletins to the Directory and Senate, excited the admiration of all who heard or read them.

One of his greatest admirers was Mr. Fox, who, one day speaking of him, said, "If we even shut our eyes on the martial deeds of this great man, we must allow that his *eloquence alone* has elevated the French people to a higher degree of civilization than any other nation in Europe —they have advanced a century during the last five years. Buonaparte combines the declama-

tion of a Cicero with the soul-stirring philippics of a Demosthenes: he appeals to the head and the heart—to honour and to self-interest, at the same time. Had this wonderful man turned his attention to poetry instead of war, he would have beaten Homer out of the field. Whatever his manner of delivery may be, and I understand it is impressive, he is certainly the greatest orator that the world ever produced: the soaring grandeur of his conceptions is admirable, and his adaptation of the deeds and sayings of the heroes and statesmen of ancient times, to present circumstances, not only shows the extent of his reading and the correctness of his taste in their application; but also serves to assure the French people that he is as capable of governing, as he has proved himself to be in leading them forth to conquest. But it is in his power of simplification that he shines most: although as romantic as Ossian, he disdains all rhodomontade and circumlocution; and, by stripping his subject of all extraneous matter, he reduces the most complex proposition down to the laconic simplicity of a self-evident axiom."

Mr. Fox's auditors assented to the above opinions, and several gentlemen quoted portions of such of the First Consul's speeches as had appeared in the newspapers. One gentleman, however, contended that their construction was the work of art; and that true eloquence consisted in the unsophisticated effusions of native genius, which, disdaining metaphor and all meretricious ornament, found its way to the heart, merely by the simple force of truth. Such was the oratory of savages—of persons who, though living in a state of nature, spoke with a pathos unattainable by men of education and civilized habits. "For example," said he, "who ever made so touching an appeal to the human heart as the American Indian, Logan, when, after describing the desolation which the English Colonists had made in his family and kindred, he concludes with these words, '*Who is there to mourn for Logan? Not one!*—'*

* For the benefit of those readers who may not have read this celebrated speech, it is here subjoined.—

"I appeal to any white man to say, if ever he entered Logan's cabin hungry, and he gave him not meat;

" I grant, Sir," said Mr. Fox, " that the speech to which you allude, is replete with

if ever he came cold and naked, and he clothed him not. During the course of the last, long, and bloody war, Logan remained idle in his cabin, an advocate for peace. Such was his love for the Whites, that his countrymen pointed as they passed, and said, ' Logan is the friend of white men.' I had even thought to have lived with you, but for the injuries of one man. Colonel Cresap, the last Spring, in cool blood, and unprovoked, murdered all the relations of Logan ;—not even sparing his women and children. There runs not a drop of my blood in the veins of any living creature. This called on me for revenge—I have sought it—I have killed many—I have fully glutted my vengeance. For my country, I rejoice at the beams of peace : but, do not harbour a thought that mine is the joy of fear. Logan never felt fear. He will not turn on his heel to save his life.—Who is there to mourn for Logan ?—Not one !"

It ought to be observed, that the authenticity of the above speech was called in question, many years ago, by an inhabitant of Philadelphia, who addressed a letter to some of the American newspapers on the subject, and acknowledged himself to be a relative (son-in-law) to Colonel Cresap. It was natural that this man should be desirous to rescue the memory of his wife's father from the damning immortality which Logan's speech conferred upon it ; but, in addition to the high authority of Mr. Jefferson, the late President, in whose History of Virginia and other Southern States, the narrative of Cresap's inhuman massacre is to be found, it

pathos and simplicity; as was the answer of the chief of another tribe, who, being attached to the soil of his ancestors, thus replied to the solicitations of some European commissioners who invited them to emigrate into their towns and cities: '*How,*' said he, '*can we say to the bones of our fathers, Arise! and go with us?*' But savages, like the inhabitants of civilized countries, make use of such imagery as the beauties, the sublimities, or the phenomena and awful convulsions of nature, afford them. Of this, we have many instances on record; but one I particularly remember as delightfully expressive of the paternal feelings of a forlorn old Indian who had lost his only son in the field of battle. Seeing an English captive, whom he had previously adopted and fostered as his own child, look wistfully at the tents of his countrymen, on the commencement of a

unfortunately happened for this defender of rapine and murder, that many persons throughout the United States, and particularly in the South, perfectly remembered the whole transaction.—It is singular,—disgraceful,—that Cresap should have escaped punishment for a crime so dreadful and so notorious.

campaign, he granted his manumission in these words:—'*Go, return to thy father, that he may still have pleasure when he sees the sun rise in the morning, and the tree blossom in the Spring.**'"

* The story to which Mr. Fox alluded, as connected with the above quotation, may be thus briefly related:—The old Indian, in a skirmish during our French war in America, had drawn his bow against a young English officer, and was about to transfix him with an arrow; when he became so struck by his resemblance to his own son, that he suddenly dropped the weapon, and saved him from being destroyed by his countrymen—by making him his own prisoner. Having taken him to his hut, he adopted him according to the Indian manner, and treated him with the greatest kindness; he likewise taught him the language and rude arts of his countrymen. This fondness soon increased to such a degree, that often, when gazing on him, he would burst into tears.

On the return of Spring, the campaign recommenced, and the old man, who was still vigorous, took the field at the head of a party of Indians. Having, after a long march across the forests, arrived within sight of the British encampment, he pointed out to his prisoner, by the grey light of the morning, the tents of his countrymen at a distance. "There," said he, "is the enemy who wait to give us battle. Remember, that I have saved thy life; that I have taught thee to conduct a

"But," continued Mr. Fox, "the most eloquent appeal to the softer passions which I

canoe; to arm thyself with the bow and the arrow; and to surprise the beaver in the forest. What wast thou, when I first took thee to my hut? Thy hands were those of an infant: they could neither procure thee sustenance nor safety. Thy soul was in utter darkness! Thou wast in want of every thing; thou owest all things to me.—I perceive it is thy wish to go over to thy nation; but wilt thou take up the hatchet against us?"—The captive of course replied that he would rather die than take up arms against his benefactor: on hearing which, the Indian, covering his face with his hands, remained silent for some time; and then, in a voice choked by grief and tenderness, said,—"Hast thou a father?"

"My father," replied the young Officer, "was alive when I left my native country." "Alas!" returned the Indian, "how wretched must he be!" then pausing for a few moments, he continued: "Dost thou know that I have been a father? I am a father no more! I saw my son fall in battle. He fought by my side. I saw him expire: but he died like a man! He was covered with wounds when he fell dead at my feet. But I have avenged him!"

These words were pronounced with the utmost vehemence, for the old man would not suffer a sigh to escape him: there was a keen restlessness in his eye, however, and his body shook with an universal tremor; but no tear flowed to his relief. At length, becoming calm by degrees, he turned towards the East, where

recollect ever to have heard or read, is contained in a Petition addressed to Warren Hastings, by an Indian Princess, in favour of her husband, who had been condemned to die by that ruthless governor. It is signed *Almassa Ali Cawn;* but as I recollect merely the tenor of it, I cannot attempt to do justice to the language, which, though adorned in all the

the sun was just rising, and said: "Behold! young man, the beauty of that sky which sparkles with the beams of day! the glorious sun, just arisen from his bed, and, arrayed in unclouded splendour, has just commenced his daily journey. Hast thou pleasure in the sight?"

"I have great pleasure," replied the officer, "in beholding so beautiful a sunrise."

"I have none!" exclaimed the agitated Indian, as tears found their way and ran copiously down his aged cheeks. A few minutes afterwards, he pointed to a fine Magnolio, in full bloom, and said, "Behold, my son, that beautiful tree! dost thou look upon it with pleasure?"

"Yes," replied the young man, "it is impossible not to look with pleasure on so fine an object."—"I have pleasure to look on it no more!" replied the Indian, in agony. "Go! return back to the tents of thy father, that he may still feel delight when he sees the sun rise in the morning, and the tree blossom in the Spring!"

grandeur of oriental sublimity, is pathetic in the most affecting degree; and might have melted a heart of stone. It had no effect, however, with Hastings."*

* We here insert the beautiful *morceau* of oriental eloquence referred to by Mr. Fox: it is a literal translation from the beautiful idiom of the Hindostanee language, but was not published on Warren Hastings's trial;—The murder of Nuncaucar was more relied on in the impeachment.

"To the most high Servant of the most powerful Prince George, King of England: The lonely and humble slave of misery comes praying for mercy to the father of children.

"MOST MIGHTY SIR,

"May the blessings of God ever shine upon thee; may the Sun of Glory shine round thy head; may the gates of pleasure, plenty, and happiness, be ever open to thee and thine; may no sorrow distress thy days; may no grief disturb thy nights; may the pillow of peace kiss thy cheeks, and the pleasures of imagination attend thy dreams;—and, when length of years shall make thee entirely disengaged from all earthly joys, and the curtain of death shall gently close round thy last sleep of human existence, may the angels of thy God attend thy bed, and take care that the expiring lamp of thy life shall not receive one single blast to hasten its extinction.

"Do you not think, Sir," said a gentleman present, "that Paul's exculpatory speech be-

"O hearken to the voice of distress, and grant the prayer of thy humble vassal; spare, O spare the father of my children; save the husband of my bed, my partner, my all that is dear! Consider, O mighty Sir! that he did not become rich by iniquity; that what he possessed was the inheritance of the most noble and illustrious ancestors; who, when the thunder of Britain was not heard on the plains of Hindostan, reaped their harvest in quiet, and enjoyed their patrimony unmolested.

"Remember thine own commandment—the commandment of Englishmen—*that thou shalt not kill;* and obey the orders of Heaven; give me back my husband—my Almas Ali Cawn: take all our wealth; strip us of our jewels and precious stones, of our gold and silver; but take not away the life of my husband. Innocence is seated on his brow; the milk of human kindness flows around his heart.

"Let us, then, go wander through the deserts; let us become tillers and labourers in those delightful spots of which he was once lord and master: but spare, O mighty Sir, spare his life! let not the instrument of death be lifted up against him, for he has committed no crime except having vast treasures: by gratitude we had them, though at present thou hast taken them by force.

"We will remember thee in our prayers, and forget we were ever rich and powerful. My children, the children of Almas Ali Cawn, and thy petitioner for the

fore King Agrippa, is a fine piece of oratory: —particularly that part of it, where he says, 'I would to God, that not only thou, but also all that hear me this day, were both almost, and altogether such as I am, except these bonds?'"

"I do, Sir," replied Mr. Fox, "and it strongly reminds me of the intrepid address of a man named Naville Gallatin, formerly a magistrate of Geneva, to the President of a branch of the Revolutionary Tribunal, in that city, which, at the commencement of the Revolution, rivalled

life of him who gave them life,—we beseech thee from the author of our existence, loveliness; by the tender mercies of the most enlightened souls of Englishmen; by the honour, the virtue, and the maternal feelings of thy most gracious queen, whose numerous offspring must be so dear to her. When the miserable wife, thy petitioner, beseeches thee to spare her husband's life, and restore him to her arms, thy God will reward thee, thy country will thank thee; and she who now petitions will ever pray for thee, if thou grantest the prayer of thy humble vassal,

"ALMASSA ALI CAWN."

This petition was presented by the wife of Almas to Governor Hastings; but, alas! it had no effect. Almas was strangled!

those of Paris, Lyons and other towns of France, in the multitude and barbarity of its executions. I shall quote the passage from D'Ivernois' Letters, during the perusal of which, it struck me forcibly as being the finest piece of declamation I had every read:—so much so, indeed, that the very words are impressed on my memory, and I think I shall never forget them. The undaunted prisoner thus addressed his judges, when sentence of death had been passed upon him:—'And now, mark the fate which awaits you and your accomplices, for, you must not hope that guilt like your's can go unpunished. You will find that all the ties of social order, which you have broken to attain your ends, will *again* be broken by those who succeed you in your crimes and in your power: *new* factions will be formed against you out of your own; and as you have united, like wild beasts, in pursuing your prey, so, like wild beasts, you will tear each other to pieces in devouring it. Thus, will you avenge the cause of those who are fallen, and who are yet to fall, sacrifices to your avarice and ambition. To them, as well

as to me, the prospect of approaching immortality robs death of all its terrors; but, to you, the last moments of life will be embittered by reflections more polgnant than any tortures you can suffer. The innocent blood you have shed will be heard against you, and you will die without daring to implore the mercy of heaven!' Such," continued Mr. Fox, "was the impression made by this speech, and such the high character of Gallatin, that his fellow-citizens earnestly demanded to be allowed to revise his sentence; but, before the necessary steps could be taken, the tribunal contrived that he and another magistrate should be shot on a remote part of the ramparts, in the middle of the night!"

V.

STAGE FRIGHT.

DELPINI THE CLOWN OF COVENT-GARDEN THEATRE.

MANY anecdotes are told of this celebrated master of posture and grimace, but none exhibit his *eccentricity and selfishness* (a combination, by the by, generally found in the characters of too many foreign *artistes* of the Theatre and Opera) in a more ludicrous point of view than the following, which was one evening related at Brookes's by Mr. Sheridan, when the Prince and Duke of York, who knew Delpini well, were present.

It should be premised, that several members of the Royal Family, and particularly the Prince of Wales, had pressed Sheridan to pro-

cure the insertion of Delpini's name in the books of the *Theatrical Fund*, in order to secure a provision for his old age. Mr. Sheridan did all in his power to promote the object in question; but one grand difficulty was started in the course of the negociation, which even his influence could not well remove:—this was, that as Mr. Delpini was merely a clown, he could not be admitted; for, the laws of the society forbade relief to any but such as were accustomed to *speak* on the stage. A remedy, however, was at length suggested, viz: that a few words should be written in the forthcoming pantomime, for Delpini to repeat; and thus he was to rank among the Garricks and the Kembles of the day.

The words in question were only *three* in number; and they were to be uttered by Delpini in the character of a Magician, at the instant that Harlequin and Columbine were in the act of embracing: they were—"*Pluck them asunder!*"

Big with the expectation of his pension, but more so with the importance of his new charac-

ter, Delpini repeated the above short sentence on every occasion, for several weeks, and with every possible variety of accent and intonation. There was not a performer in the Theatre whom he did not apply to, to hear him rehearse his part; so that, at length, every one voted him a complete *bore*.

The gentleman whose applause he was most anxious of obtaining was Mr. Kemble; and, whenever he met him behind the scenes, in the passages, or in the Green-room, he caught hold of him by the arm or by a button, and held him fast, until he had repeated the *important words* with suitable gesture and action. One night, as Kemble was standing beside the wing, helmeted and buskined as Coriolanus, and, with truncheon in hand, preparing to lead the Volsci forth to battle, Delpini made his appearance, and thus addressed the Roman hero:

"Mistare Kembel, I am ver glad I av found you, Sare: you sal see me rehearsal my part."

"Not now," answered Kemble, "it is impossible, Mr. Delpini; do you not see that I am just going on the stage?"

"But," persisted the grimacier, "I sal not detain you, Sare, un moment; you sal see dat I prononce mon charactere, proprement; and vith de propere emphasis on de last voard."

"Well, well!" replied Kemble, pettishly; "begin, begin:—I must go on the stage directly."

"I sal not detain you, Sare," returned Delpini, as he leaned on his right leg, and threw out his arm at an angle of forty-five degrees. Then, infusing into his countenance all the imitative rage which it was capable of expressing, he bellowed out, "Plock dem assondere!"

Poor Kemble, the muscles of whose face had been screwed up to the most heroic pitch, felt his risible chord so tickled by Delpini's ludicrous pronunciation and manner, that, at that instant receiving his cue of entrance, he was forced to turn his head aside from the audience, for nearly a minute, before he could address his troops without laughing.

At length, the awful, important, and ominous night arrived when Mr. Delpini was to make his *debut* as a *speaking* actor. To those who

are acquainted with the nature of what is, among theatrical people, termed *stage fright*, the writer need not state, that, however perfectly a young actor may be able to repeat his part by rote, in his own apartment, or at rehearsal; there is a *something*, when he comes before the audience, in all the blaze of dazzling light reflected upon his person, that strikes him with terror, binds up his tongue, deprives him of memory, scatters his senses, and roots him to the spot, as if he were in a state of fascination: or, to speak in theatrical terms, "he is stuck fast."

Such was the case with poor Delpini: he had repeated his little part until he had almost forgotten it, for it had left no impression upon his mind; and his extreme anxiety destroyed even the little chance there was of his recollecting it in the time of need. He had spoken the words at least ten thousand times; he had repeated them sitting, standing, walking, lying; he had rehearsed them to all sorts of persons, and on all occasions, both at home and abroad; he had given them every variety of form, accent, and

emphasis, of which they were capable—but, when the hour of trial came, he was found wanting.

The performers had crowded around, all anxious for his success, and all ready to prompt him; but, as Solomon says, "in the multitude of advisers the council faileth," so it turned out on the present occasion. Columbine had flown to her faithful lover, and locked him in her fast embrace: the magician's wand was raised aloft to command their separation; but—no words accompanied the action. *Delpini was stuck fast.* Voices from every side cried out, "Now, Delpini, now's your time!—fire away, my hearty!—speak, man!—why don't you speak?" But the magician was, himself, in a state of enchantment;—he was immoveable;—until the prompter's voice was heard above the rest, saying, "Pluck them asunder!" These words shot across his brain like a flash of lightning: he recovered from his trance, and repeating his action with the wand, he roared out "*Massondere—plock et!*"

This ludicrous termination of his *arduous*

labours made the theatre echo with laughter, both behind and before the curtain; and poor Delpini retired behind the scenes, in a state of the most complete discomfiture. Being a little recovered, however, he said to several of the performers who came up to condole with him, their sides shaking with laughter, "Nevere mind, ladies and gentlemens: dose may laugh dat lose; I av win, and sal laugh to myself.—I av gain de pension, by Gar! and I care noting at all for nobody."

VI.

THE ROYAL BROTHERS.

Several of the Princes, sons to George III., became members of Brookes's soon after coming of age. The two eldest were of course great favourites with every body; but this partiality was not so much the consequence of their high rank as of their great good-nature and affability, their convivial habits, and their uniformly genteel deportment. They shared largely, likewise, in the admiration of the fair sex, at whose tea and card-tables it was often a matter of serious dispute as to which was the handsomest fellow. Whilst many a maid, wife, and widow, anxiously endeavoured to captivate that *gay* deceiver—that modern Lothario—the Heir

Apparent; other *devotees* wished to have the advantages of *clerical* consolation, and cast many a longing, lingering look on the manly features and comely person of the Bishop of Osnaburg. In short, two finer-looking young men than the Prince of Wales and the Duke of York, were not to be seen in a day's march.

Equality of rank and similarity of pursuits cemented, between the Prince of Wales and the Duke of York, that fraternal affection which is so commendable a trait in the character of all well-regulated families; and, though their opinions on many political questions were quite in opposition, that harmony was never disturbed. Neither were their amusements entirely the same: the Prince paid his devoirs to Bacchus and Venus, and delighted in the pleasures of good company; but was never known at Brookes's—whatever he might have done elsewhere—to touch a card or handle a die. His Highness of York went farther; for he was not only a staunch worshipper of these two deities, but likewise offered many sacrifices to Mercury, by deep and constant play: this has

been so often told to the public, that no more need be said respecting it.

It being customary for the young bucks of those days to sit late, or rather *early*, over the bottle, it was very common, whilst "*serpenting home to bed*," to meet with odd adventures; and no less so, to *seek* them. Tom-and-Jerryism was as much in fashion, if not more so, thirty or forty years ago, as it is now: Tom King was not the only wag who delighted in rousing a sleeping Frenchman out of his slumbers; and, indeed, lamps were smashed, chairmen bilked, jarvies nicked, waiters kicked, and charlies floored, with as good a grace, and with as much glee and spirit, at that time of day, as by the present race of *lark*-hunters.—Who has not heard of the poor old washerwoman in St. James's-street, who, whilst proceeding leisurely and soberly to her work, one dark morning, had her nether habiliments tied over her head with one garter, and her lantern fastened round her middle with the other, to light, or rather to *show* her, on her way?—and all for a gratuity of two guineas! —A burning shame!

Many such scenes could be described,—many such adventures related; but, for the present, one must suffice; and it is hoped that the catastrophe which was so providentially prevented, will deter other youngsters from running heedlessly and needlessly into scenes of manifest danger.

The Duke of York, Colonel St. Leger, Tom Stepney, and two others, one morning, about three o'clock, came reeling along Pall-Mall, highly charged with the juice of the grape, and ripe for a row. Meeting with nothing worthy of their attention, they entered St. James's-street, and soon arrived at Brookes's, where they kicked and knocked most loudly for admission, but in vain; for, nine-tenths of the members were then out of town, and of course the family and servants had for hours been wrapped in the mantle of Somnus. Our heroes, however, were resolved on effecting an entrance, and would soon have made one for themselves, if some of the inmates, roused by the dreadful noise, and apprehensive of fire, had not run down-stairs and opened the outer door.

Whilst all possible haste was exerted to effect this on the inside, it was proposed by one of the gentry outside, to rush in pell-mell, and knock down the waiters and every thing else that should impede their progress. No sooner said than done: when they arrived in the inner hall, they commenced the destruction of chairs, tables, and chandeliers, and kicked up such a horrible din as might have awakened the dead. Every male and female servant in the establishment now came running towards the hall from all quarters, in a state of demi-nudity, anxious to assist in protecting the house, or to escape from the supposed house-breakers. During this *mêlée* there was no light; and the uproar made by the maid-servants, who, in the confusion, rushed into the arms of our heroes, and expected nothing short of immediate violence and murder, was most tremendous.

At length, one of the waiters ran for a loaded blunderbuss, which having cocked, and rested on an angle of the banisters, he would have discharged amongst the intruders. From doing this, however, he was most providen-

tially deterred by the housekeeper, who, with no other covering than her chemise and flannel-petticoat, was fast approaching with a light, which no sooner flashed upon the faces of these midnight disturbers, than she exclaimed, "For Heaven's sake, Tom, don't fire! it is only the Duke of York!"—The terror of the servants having vanished by this timely address, the intruding party soon became more peaceable, and were sent home in sedan-chairs to their respective places of residence.

It has been remarked, since the death of the Duke of York, that he could never be accused of saying one good thing—that is, uttering one *bon mot;* this is certainly untrue.

At a dinner at Chelsea Hospital, the bottle had passed round pretty freely. The Duke, who was in high spirits, having just emptied a bottle, said to one of the attendants, "Here, away with this *marine.*"

Upon which, a general of that body, piqued for the honour of the corps, whom he considered to be insulted by such an observation,

said, "I don't understand what your Royal Highness means by likening an empty bottle to a marine." The Duke immediately replied, "My dear general, I mean a good fellow that has done his duty, and who is ready to do it again."

This neat turn excited great applause, and becoming soon known in the army, has since been repeated with *eclat* at almost every mess-table in the service.

His Royal Highness also said a tolerably good thing, which I find has not been done sufficient justice to in a late popular Magazine. —General England, who many years ago had the command of the Plymouth garrison, was a man of remarkably large size. With nearly the height of Samuel Macdonald, the Prince of Wales's porter, he possessed almost the rotundity of Daniel Lambert.

The Duke of York having eyed him with amazement, one day at the Horse Guards, exclaimed to his own Aid-de-camp, as soon as the General had made his bow, and was out of hear-

ing;—"England!—Great Britain, by G—d! and the *calf* of Man to *boot!*"—pointing to the General's huge legs.

Another very good *bon mot* is told of him: viz., that when an Irish officer was introduced at the levee, as Major O'Sullivan O'Toole O'Shaughnessy, the Duke exclaimed, turning up the whites of his eyes, "O J—s!"

VII.

IRISH BULLS.

It was a favourite amusement with Mr. Sheridan (as Michael Kelly says of him in his "Reminiscences") to make *for his Irish friends*, and to repeat *as theirs*, certain ludicrous expressions which generally go under the denomination of *Bulls;* and of these, he would sometimes in company drive a *whole herd* across the table, particularly if a native of the Emerald Isle happened to sit opposite to him. That many of these were *manufactured* for the purpose of exciting a laugh, there can be little doubt: but the following, the writer believes to be too good, even for the ingenuity of

Sheridan to fabricate—at least they must have had some foundation in truth.

One evening, at the club, the conversation turning on the propensity of Irishmen of all ranks to make blunders, a gentleman present defended his countrymen from the imputation, by saying that the natives of other countries made bulls as well as the Irish; and he related several instances among the English and Scotch, to prove his position:—such as, an advertisement that appeared in the London newspapers some years ago, "*That Drury-lane was removed to the Opera House, until the former theatre should be rebuilt;*" and the *resolution* of the magistrates of Glasgow (some months previous), "*To build their new gaol from the materials of the old one; whilst the prisoners were to remain in the latter, until the former was rebuilt!*" He maintained, moreover, that *bull-making* was by no means a *necessary accomplishment* in an Irishman; for that only the lower orders made blunders, and that chiefly from *their habit of thinking in one language, and speaking in another.*

"Very true, my good friend," replied Sheridan; "I grant that the conception of an idea in the native Erse, and the utterance of it in a foreign tongue, (which the English certainly is to the majority of your countrymen,) may be the cause of blundering, or *mistranslation*, if you will have it so, to those with whom the former is the language of infancy, and the latter is acquired by education: but I have heard so many Irish *gentlemen*—nay, men of taste and understanding—make bulls, that I consider this propensity to be not only *inherent* in *all* Irishmen, but that it proceeds from that mercurial disposition which never permits them to reflect, so as to examine sufficiently the whole of the subject matter of which they are about to speak. I will give you one or two instances within my own knowledge:

I PROMISE TO PAY.

"A friend of mine, a half-pay Colonel, not very famous for punctuality in pecuniary matters,—a misfortune we are all liable to,

God help us!—was pressing another friend for the loan of fifty pounds upon his bill at a short date.

"'But, if I advance this sum,' said the latter, 'will you be sure to be correct for once, by honouring your acceptance on the very day it will fall due? Remember, that this is the last chance I shall ever give you:—punctuality now, may ensure farther accommodation.'

"'By St. Patrick!' replied the Colonel, 'you may take your Bible oath, that I won't forgit to remember to be as punctual as the sun in shining at twelve o'clock on a hot summer's day.'

"'I shall rely on you, then,' said his friend.

"'Ay, Sir, and you may do that thing,' answered the borrower, 'for I'll take care to be particular in paying the bill and the expense of the *protest*, at the same time.'"

This capital bull caused a hearty laugh against the Irish champion; but the following practical one completely floored him; and Sheridan, as was his custom when *wit* was the weapon, retired victorious from the field.

ANCHOVIES ON TREES.

"A few years ago," continued Sheridan, "an Irish officer, who belonged to a regiment in garrison at Malta, returned to this country on leave of absence; and, according to the custom of travellers, was fond of relating the wonders he had seen. Among other things, he one day, in a public coffee-room, expatiated on the excellency of living, in general, among the military. 'But,' said he, 'as for the *anchovies*,—by G—d! there 's nothing to be seen like them in the known world!'

"'Why, that is a bold assertion,' said a gentleman present; 'for I think England can boast of that article in as great perfection as any country, if not greater.'

"'My dear Sur,' replied the Irishman, 'you 'll pardon me for saying that your opinion is founded on sheer ignorance of the fact: excuse my plain spaking: but you 'd soon be of my way of thinking, if you saw the fruit growing so beautiful and large, as I have seen it many's the day.'

"'Well done, Pat!' exclaimed his opponent; 'the *fruit growing so beautiful and large!*—on a *tree* I suppose? Come, you won't beat that, however.'

"'Do you doubt the word of a gentleman, Sur?' returned the officer.

"'I doubt the *fact*, Sir,' answered the gentleman.

"'Then, by the Powers! you only display your own want of understanding by so doing: and I take it very uncivil of you: for I've seen the anchovies grow upon the trees with my own eyes, many's the hundred time; and beautiful's the grove of them that the governor has in his garden, on the esplanade: besides, the whole of the walls of the fortress are completely covered with them, as all my brother officers could attest at this present writing, were they here to the fore, to do that same.'

"'Upon my soul,' returned his opponent, laughing heartily, 'you out-Mandeville even Sir John himself, and he was no flincher at a fib. He it was, I believe, who asserted that *oysters* grew upon trees on the Malabar coast;

but you give us *anchovies, ready pickled,* I suppose, from the same source! Huzza for St. Patrick! the days of miracles have returned.'

"'Then, Sir,' returned the Irishman, bridling with anger, 'am I to understand that you doubt my word?'

"'You may understand, Sir, what you please; but, though the licence of travellers is generally allowed to be pretty extensive, you must not suppose that either I or any other gentleman in this company, are to be crammed with an absurdity so palpable, as that of anchovies growing upon trees!'

"'As much as to say, Sur, in plain terms, that I have tould a lie?—say the word, Sur, and I am satisfied. I 'm not quarrelsome, Sur; but, by my sowl! only say *that*, and you had better been born without a shoe to your foot or a shirt to your back.'

"'Neither you, Sir,' returned the gentleman, 'nor any other man, shall compel me to say that I believe that which is by nature impossible.'

"'Then, Sur, I 'll beg lave to address a

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few words to this honourable company; after which, as my veracity and honour are concerned, both as an officer and a gentleman, if you do not retract your words, and own your conviction that what I have said is true, I shall insist on your meeting me in another place,—more convanient, maybe, for settling disputes than this room.'

"'Go on, Sir,' said the gentleman.

"'In the first place, then, gentlemen, upon my honour and conscience! as I have a sowl to be saved, and to escape the pains of purgatory! —I swear by all the saints in the calendar, and the Divil himself to boot, that I would scorn to tell a falsehood to man or mortal:—these very eyes have, on ten thousand different occasions, seen the anchovies, as plump as gooseberries, growing on, and plucked from, the trees, in His Majesty's Island and fortress of Malta.—In the second place—"

"'Impossible!' interrupted his pertinacious opponent: 'I tell you to your face, and before these gentlemen, that you never saw any such thing.'

"'The lie direct!" exclaimed the military

hero, 'by the rod of St. Patrick! it is more than a Christian officer can bear: but I'll keep myself cool for the honour of the corps; and I'd advise you, Sur, if you can't be aisy, you'd better be as aisy as you can; for if you spaik such another disrespectful and injurious word, I'll not call you out at all; but, by the powers! I'll smite your eye out on the spot, and plaister the walls with your blood!—so you had better take care of yourself, and not be cantankerous, my dear honey.—But, to return to my argument, Sur, which you so uncivilly interrupted; I was going to observe, in the second place, to yourself, that it is a rule in the army, and more particularly in the honourable corps to which I belong, that no gentleman shall presume to doubt the word of another, unless he can positively prove that he is wrong, and that, too, *on the spot*. Therefore, Sur, even suppose I *had* tould you a lie, you have no right, by the laws of honour, to challenge me with it; because you niver were at Malta at all, and, of course, could not see the thing with your own eyes. But, Sur, by way of conclusion to my discourse, I have to

remark to ye, that you have not only insulted an officer and a gentleman, but an Irishman; therefore, I trust that every one present will see that I have sufficient raison for requiring satisfaction.'

"'Satisfaction! pooh! pooh! for what? for a mere difference of opinion?—Nonsense!' exclaimed several of the party.

"'I beg your pardon, gentlemen,' returned the officer, 'no difference of opinion at all: he has given me the lie; and Cornailius O'Flanagan's own father's son won't take the lie from man or mortal; even, as I said before, if it was *true*. Do ye know the way we begin fighting in Tipperary? I'll tell ye, if ye don't:—Paddy chalks his hat, d' ye see, all round the rim of it; and down he throws it on the green turf.—'I should like any body to tell me now,' says he, 'that this isn't *silvur laice*.'—So, then, away they go to it with the shilelagh:—you understand me, Sur, that is our way.—An Irishman's honour is dearer to him than his life; and even, when in the wrong, he 'd sooner die than have a lie

thrown in his teeth. So now, gentlemen, I 'll bid ye all a good night: and as for you, Sur, there is my card, which I shall be happy to exchange for yours.'

" The Englishman, of course, gave his address; and the next day the parties met, attended by their seconds: they fired, and O'Flanagan's shot took effect in the fleshy part of his opponent's thigh, which made the latter jump about a foot from the ground, and fall flat upon his back, where he lay for a few seconds in agony, kicking his heels. This being observed by the Irishman's second, he said, 'You have hit your man, O'Flanagan, that is certain — I think not dangerously, however, for see what capers he cuts.'

" ' *Capers! capers!* ' exclaimed the Irishman; 'Oh! the heavenly Father! what have I done?—what a dreadful mistake!'—and running up to his wounded antagonist he took his hand, and pressing it eagerly, thus addressed him: 'My dear frind, if ye're kilt I ax yer pardon in this world and the next, for I made a divil of a mistake; it was *capers* that I asw

growing upon the trees at Malta, and not anchovies at all!"*

"The wounded man, smiling at this ludicrous explanation and apology, said, 'My good fellow, I wish you had thought of that a little sooner:—I don't think you have quite killed me; but I hope you will remember the differ-

* On the island of Malta, the caper-tree grows wild, in great plenty, and is particularly abundant on the walls of Lavalette. Ever since the capture of the island, the fruit has been the undisputed perquisite of the officer in command of the engineers. Some time ago that officer complained to the governor that the trees were cut down, and the berries carried away, by the inhabitants; upon which that facetious old gentleman issued the following eccentric order:—"Whereas it has been reported to me, by the officer commanding the engineers, that the inhabitants of Lavalette have for some time past destroyed the fruit, and cut down the caper-trees hanging on the outside of the walls of the garrison, it is the command of the governor that no one, in future, *cut capers*, either on the top or sides of the said walls, except the lieutenant-colonel commanding the engineers; any one found *cutting his capers* on the walls, after this notification, will be confined in the black-hole for the first offence; and for a repetition of so flagitious an act, the *next capers he cuts* shall be *his own*, at the tail of a calash, to the tune of a cat-o'-nine-tails.

"GOD SAVE THE KING."

ence between Anchovies and Capers as long as you live.'"

Whilst on the subject of *Bulls*, the following, which were related the same evening, may not be unentertaining to the Reader.

BERESFORD'S NOTES.

In the war in Ireland, in the year 1798, a part of the system amongst the desultory bodies of insurgents, was the stopping of mail-coaches and plundering them of all the property they were conveying.

Of all the loyalists in Ireland, Mr. John Claudius Beresford, a banker of Dublin, was the most obnoxious to the rebels, from the circumstance of the torture being inflicted by him and his corps of yeomanry, in his riding-house, on many of their body. Whenever, therefore, they discovered any of his notes, they always burned them to *vex* him; by which means he would have been exceedingly enriched, had not his other numerous speculations overthrown him.

THE NEW SUIT.

An Irish gentleman had ordered a suit of clothes; but when the tailor brought them home, the coat hung like a sack on him, it was so very large. The gentleman was angry, and remarked that all his acquaintance would laugh at him, and say that "he was not by when his measure was taking;" adding, "As sure as a gun, you have mistaken big Fitzgerald's measure (the biggest man in Munster,) for mine."

Waxing warmer and warmer, and throwing in some severe reflections on poor snip, the latter at length replied: "Why put yourself in such a rage, Sir? blood and 'ounds! is not there enough of the same stuff in the *shoot* to make it less?"

This repartee set all to rights, and a reconciliation instantly took place.

A MISTAKE ON BOTH SIDES.

A poor Irish labourer one day met one of his countrymen in Tooley Street, and accosted him with—"Ah! Tead, how is every bit about ye?"

"Bravely, by the holy!" replied Tead; "How goes yourself, Darby?"

"What the divil should ail me?" was the answer. "But how long have you been here, Tead?" demanded Darby.

"How long?" says Tead; "why, since last night;—and when did you arrive yourself, my jewel?" he inquired.

"Oh, death and 'ounds!" replied Darby, "am not I here these eighteen months and a fortnight: but how did you leave the woman and childer—and are they minding their schooling?"

"In troth then they are," answered Tead, "and as well as you cu'd wish."

"And when will you be after turning your face towards the ould sod?" inquired Darby.

"Why, I'll be with the craters Christmas-eve, any how," returned the other.

"Then, by Jasus!" said Darby, "if you 're for that, who knows but we 'd be together."

After this manner they conversed for some time—when Darby at length exclaimed, "Why, by the holy! it is *neither* of us."

VIII.

THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE'S BLADE-BONE.

THE old Duke of Devonshire, for several years, was in the habit of supping at Brookes's; and his favourite dish was a *broiled* or *devilled blade-bone of mutton;* after picking which, he usually drank champagne, punch, or any other beverage that he might happen to prefer. His Grace's partiality for the above fare induced others to follow his example; and blade-bones were frequently in such request, that the butchers of St. James's Market have sometimes been unable to afford a sufficient supply.

One night, Mr. Sheridan coming in late, and being pretty sharp set, called for a broiled blade-bone. The waiter told him that there

was only one in the house, and *that* had just been ordered by the Duke of Devonshire.

"Oh, very well, no matter," said Sheridan; "I shall think of something else, by and by." Determined, however, to have a blade-bone, he resolved to play a trick upon the Duke, which he did as follows:—Going up to the table where he sat, just as the waiter was about entering with the tray and cover, and putting on an expression of great indignation and disgust, he thus addressed Mr. Hare, who sat by the Duke:

"Upon my soul, Sir," said he, "I never was so disgusted in my life, as with a scene which I witnessed a few moments ago. Returning from the house, just by the Abbey my foot slipped, and I fell into a puddle. Being very wet and uncomfortable, and there being no fire in any of the rooms below, I ran down into the kitchen, where I knew there was a good one. Whilst I stood drying my stockings and breeches, one of the Irish chairmen came in and laid hold of a prime blade-bone that lay upon the table, and began to gnaw it in famous style. One of the cooks, observing this, sprung towards him,

and seizing hold of it, threw it on the grid-iron, saying, 'D—n your greedy guts, you Irish ——, that blade-bone was for the Duke of Devonshire, and we have none other in the house: couldn't you find any thing else to fix your hungry teeth in, you infernal rascal!' Poor Paddy slunk off, vexed at not being allowed to finish his snack, and mumbled as he went out, 'What a thundering row about a durty mutton bone! I wish it was stuck ——'

"I appeared to take no notice of the circumstance; but was resolved to acquaint his Grace with it, in case the said *delicious* morceau should be served up:—and, by Jove! here it is!"

Sheridan's trap was well set; for the Duke, turning down the corners of his mouth, pushed the tray from him, whilst he turned his head aside and vociferated to the waiter to bring him a glass of brandy. The man did as he was ordered, and was carrying the tray towards the sideboard, when Sheridan, who followed him close, told him to lay it down on

another table, and to bring him a couple of bottles of champagne, as soon as possible.

He then sat down, and, as he a few days afterwards told the Duke and others, "made a glorious supper, for he had been devilishly hungry."

IX.

"HONORES MUTANT MORES!"

THE subject of conversation at Brookes's, one evening, being *Ireland and its politics*, a gentleman, who possessed a fund of amusing anecdote, related many curious circumstances respecting the government of several of the late Lords Lieutenants; among others, the following one of the Duke of Rutland, the motto of whose family, being a sort of pun upon their name, has been considered a very appropriate title for the present article.

"The jovial administration of the Duke of Rutland will be remembered in Dublin for many a long day; it was marked by that festivity and splendour which ensured the good-

will of all ranks. The viceroy was, moreover, very fond of mixing and conversing with the lower orders, and many a laughable tale could be told of the eccentric adventures of himself and his jolly companions.

" One evening, his Grace, Colonel St. Leger, and one or two others, having entered into a public-house in the *Liberty*, they found the landlord to be so comical a blade, that they invited him to sit down to supper with them. Darby Monaghan, who knew his Grace by sight, took good care that the entertainment should be such as to give every satisfaction to his guests, and he contrived to season it with such an abundant flow of native wit and drollery, that they were quite delighted with him. His wine and whiskey-punch were so good, that by two in the morning they were all quite jolly, and ready to sally out into the street in quest of adventures. This, however, was prevented by the politic Darby, who contrived, by the humour of his songs, and the waggery of his jests, to fascinate them to the spot, until, one after another, they fell drunk under the table.

"During their libations, and after Darby had said several good things in succession, the Duke, in a fit of good-humour, and by way of a joke, turned round to him and said, 'D—n me! landlord, you are a glorious fellow, and an honour to your country; what can I do for you, my boy? (*hiccup.*) I 'll *knight you*, by G—d! so (*hiccup again*) down upon your marrow-bones this instant!'—'Your Grace's high commands shall be obeyed,' said Darby, kneeling. The Duke drew his sword, and although Colonel St. Leger endeavoured to prevent his carrying the joke too far, he struck him over the shoulder, and uttered the ominous words, 'Rise up, Sir Darby Monaghan!' Darby having humbly thanked his Grace, and sworn fealty to the King of England in a bumper, an immense bowl of punch was ordered in; this was filled and re-filled, until at length the whole party became blind-drunk, as before stated.

"The weather being warm, and the great quantity of punch which they had drunk, prevented the topers from feeling any inconvenience from the hardness of their couch, and

they slept as soundly as they would have done on a down bed, either at the Castle or at the Lodge. Darby, who from long seasoning was soon enabled to overcome the effects of the whiskey, rose betimes, and having bustled about, soon prepared a comfortable breakfast of tea, coffee, and chocolate for the sleeping partners of his debauch.

"When all was ready, not liking to rouse them by shaking or otherwise, he stepped into the room upon tiptoe, and gently opened the window-shutters. The sun shining in full upon them, they soon awoke from their slumbers, wondering where they were! The landlord, who was listening at the door, speedily put an end to their suspense, by thrusting in his black head and nodding to his Grace, assuring him, 'That they were safe and sound, and not a bone broke, in Darby Monaghan's own comfortable and fashionable *hotel;* also, that if his Honour's Grace and the other jontlemen would just shake themselves a bit, and *sluish* their faces with a little nice cowld spring water, they might fall to without any more delay; for there was a

breakfast, fit for a lord, laid out for them in the next room.'

"This intelligence was received with much pleasure by the party, who having put themselves in decent trim, adjourned to the breakfast-room, where they found every thing of the best laid out in homely style: but what pleased them the most, was Darby's attention in bringing in a bottle of whiskey under one arm, and one of brandy under the other. Pouring out several glasses, he presented them to each, according to their choice; taking 'the blessed Vargin to witness that a glass of good sperits was the best maid'cine iver envinted for waekness of the stomach, after straitching it with punch the over-night.'

"Darby's courtesy was taken in good part; and after he had retired, the conversation turned upon his extraordinary humour. At length, Colonel St. Leger, seeming to recollect himself, said, 'I am afraid, my Lord Duke, your Excellency made a bit of a blunder last night: you conferred the honour of knighthood on this same landlord.'—'Did I, by heaven!' exclaimed

his Grace. 'That you did,' replied the Colonel. 'D—n it! how unfortunate!—why didn't you prevent me?'—'I endeavoured to do so with all my might, but your Excellency's arm was too potent; and I preferred seeing your weapon fall upon *his* shoulder, rather than have it thrust into me.'—'What an unfortunate affair!' exclaimed the Duke, rising; 'but I suppose the fellow doesn't recollect the circumstance more than myself: let us call him in. I wouldn't have such a thing reported at St. James's for the world. I should be recalled, and be the laughing stock of every one at the Court. B——d and 'ounds! to knight the landlord of a common punch-house!—the thing is surely impossible!'

"'Both possible and true,' replied the Colonel; 'but let us ring for him, and hear what he himself knows about the matter.'—Darby, who was in attendance on the outside of the door, heard all that passed, and resolved to resist every attempt at depriving him of his newly acquired honours. On his entering the room, the following dialogue took place:—

"*Duke of Rutland.* I say, landlord, we were all quite jolly last night?

"*Darby Monaghan.* Your Honour's noble Grace may say that same: we drank thirteen whacking bowls of punch amongst five of us.

"*Duke.* Ah! so we did, I believe,—thirteen to the dozen,—and you supped with us?

"*Darby.* Many thanks to your Grace's Excellency, Darby Monaghan did himself that same honour.

"*Duke.* No honour at all, my good fellow. But I say, Darby, do you recollect any thing particular that I did,—in the way of joke, you know; some foolish thing, when we were all as drunk as fiddlers?

"*Darby.* By J—s! yer Dukeship may say that, any how. I dare say the Colonel well remimbers your filling up the last bowl from the whiskey jug, instade of from that containing the hot water. By the powers! I could not stand that; it set me off, whizzing like a top; and I doesn't recollect one single thing after we emptied it.

"*Duke.* (*laughing.*) Oh, then you don't

remember my drawing my sword, and threatening to run you through the body?

" *Darby.* The Lord above for iver presarve yer Dukeship's Highness from cru'l murder and sudden death, all the days of yer life! I don't remimber any such thing; but I remimber well the whack yer Excellency's Royl Highness gave me with that same sword over my shoulder, when ye bid me 'rise up, Sir Darby Monaghan.'

" *Duke.* You do? eh! But that was all in jest, you know, Darby; and so we must think no more about it.

" *Darby.* Long life to your Highness! but I took it in right arnest; more by token that my shouldher aches at this moment with the blow: but I mustn't mind that, for it was given upon an honourable occasion, and resaived with good will: so, thanks to yer Excellency for all favours, now and hereafter.

" *Duke.* But you don't presume to suppose, my good fellow, that I actually conferred upon you the honour of knighthood?

" *Darby.* By the powers! yer Highness, but

I do. Sure, I wouldn't be after doing yer Highness such discredit as to think ye meant to break yer royl word to man or mortal.

"*Duke.* Oh, the devil! (*whispering.*) I say, Colonel, what is to be done?

"*Colonel.* (*whispering.*) Give him some birth, and make him promise to say nothing about the frolic.

"*Duke.* Well, Darby, I don't mean to act scurvily towards you; I can give you a tide-waiter's place, or something in the excise, that will bring you in about one hundred and fifty pounds a-year, and make you independent for life.

"*Darby.* (*kneeling, and kissing the Duke's hand.*) Let me go on my marrey-bones once again, to thank yer Royl Highness for being so good and marcifull to poor Darby Monaghan! He'll niver forgit to reminber to pray for yer Excellency to the blessed Saints, on Sunday or holyday.

"*Duke.* Well, then, Darby, it is settled that you give up the title, and that nothing shall ever be said about last night's adventure?

"*Darby.* Give up the title! yer Grace? and not be called Sur! after all?—I thought the hundred and fifty pounds a-year was to keep up my style as a true and loyal knight.

"*Duke.* No, faith! you sha'n't have place and title too: so choose without delay.

"*Darby.* (*pausing.*) Well, yer Grace, if yer Excellency plaises, I'd rather keep the title: for, d'ye see, it'll be such a wonderment for a punch-house to be kept by Sir Darby Monaghan, that I'll soon have all the custom of Dublin city; and that'll be better than a tide-waither's place, any how.

"*Duke.* (*laughing.*) Well, then, without more argument about the matter, you shall have a place of two hundred and fifty pounds a-year, and you must give up your knighthood this instant.

"*Darby.* (*going out.*) Plase yer Excellency, then, I'll just step up-stairs and ax her *Ladyship's* advice; and, I dare say, she'd rather have the money. So, I'll inform your Honour's Grace in a twinkling.

"Her *Ladyship* was accordingly consulted on

this important question; and she wisely, and without hesitation, voted for the income of two hundred and fifty pounds, which they enjoyed for many years. 'The *title*, too, stuck by them till the last; for, after the Duke's departure from his Viceroyalty, the affair was bruited abroad, to the great amusement of the middle and lower orders in Dublin, who never failed to address the fortunate couple by the appellations of 'Sir Darby and Lady Monaghan.'"

X.

COUNSELLOR DUNNING.

Soon after the commencement of Mr. Brougham's popularity in the House of Commons, Sir Thomas Stepney, speaking of him one evening at Brookes's, said that he put him greatly in mind of Lord Ashburton, formerly Mr. Dunning, whom, he said, he resembled, both in person, and as a speaker at the Bar and in the Senate. Besides describing the great talents of this lawyer, he related several characteristic anecdotes of him, as follow:—

Dunning was a short, thick man, with sallow complexion and turn-up nose; he had a constant shake of the head, and latterly a

hectic cough, which gave him great interruption whilst speaking; but even these physical disabilities he overcame by the splendour of his genius, and the extent of his knowledge, not only of the law, but of almost every other subject. Although an excellent *common lawyer*, his elocution, which was flowing and classical, partook more of the *spirit* than of the *letter* of the laws: in this respect he greatly resembled Lord Erskine; and in what is termed the *Copia Verborum*, he was the very prototype of Mr. Pitt. He was, moreover, a complete master of various kinds of style; and not only in many cases set the court in a roar of laughter, by the effervescence of his wit and humour, but likewise delighted in drawing a smile even from the gravity of the Bench itself.

He was exceedingly sarcastic, and, with all his learning and eloquence, (like many of the fraternity of the bar,) too often indulged, in the latitude of cross-examination, in the low vice of punning upon the names and occupations of witnesses and others; as if he had had no other means of ensuring respect and fame, than

by endeavouring to raise them on the diffidence, the weakness, or the modesty of persons, who, perhaps, never entered a court of law before. For this hateful practice, however, he received several severe rubs from his brother counsellors, and even from the witnesses themselves.

One morning, he was telling Mr. Solicitor-General, (the famous Jack Lee,) that he had just bought several *good manors* in Devonshire, near his native village, Ashburton.

"I wish, then," said Jack, "that you would bring some of them (*manners*) into Westminster Hall; for, by heaven! you often deserve to be kicked for your impertinence."

In a case of crim. con., a good-looking young woman was interrogated by Dunning in a very rude manner. He made her take off her bonnet, as he said, "to have a view of her countenance, in order to *see whether the truth came from her lips!*" but in reality to confuse her in her evidence, which he knew was conclusive against his client.—Having asked her many questions, in the hope that she would

contradict her former statement, he inquired, whether her mistress (the adulteress) had communicated the secret of her amour to her?

"No, Sir," said the witness, "she certainly never did."

"And how, then, can you swear to her infidelity?"

"Because I saw the defendant in bed with her."

"Indeed!" said Dunning.

"Yes, indeed, Sir," replied the girl.

"But are you sure—upon your oath, remember—that it was the defendant?—How do you know it wasn't your master that was in bed with her?"

"Because I saw the defendant's face, and my master was not in the room."

"Now, pray, my good woman," said Dunning, thinking to silence her at once, "did your master—for I see you are very handsome—did your master, I say, in return for his wife's infidelity, *go to bed with you?*"

"*That trial*," replied the spirited girl, "*does not come on to-day, Mr. Slabber-chops.*" This

answer produced a roar of laughter throughout the Court, in which Lord Mansfield, who presided, joined most heartily; for he was at all times glad to see Dunning receive a Roland for his Oliver.—He asked him whether he had any more questions to put?

"No, my Lord," said the chap-fallen inquisitor, settling his wig and sitting down; "I have done: the witness may retire."

One day, whilst cross-examining and endeavouring to *bother* an old woman, in a case of assault, he asked her, in reference to the identity of the defendant, whether he was a tall man?

"Not very tall," said she; "much about the size of your worship's honour."

"Was he good-looking?"

"Quite the contrary; much like your honour, but a handsomer nose."

"Did he squint?"

"A little, your worship; but not so much as your honour, by a great deal."—Dunning asked her no more questions.

Excepting in his cross-examinations, Dunning

was very tenacious of supporting his dignity as a barrister in the Court; and he at all times contrived to keep Lord Mansfield in check, whenever he tried to browbeat or to overlook him as an advocate. On several occasions, when his Lordship, who had great quickness and tact in finding out the *nice point* of a cause, took up a newspaper, by way of amusing himself on the bench, whilst Dunning was speaking, the latter made a dead stop.—This would rouse Mansfield to say, "Pray, go on, brother Dunning."

"No, my Lord," invariably answered the barrister, "not till your Lordship has finished."

He had a happy knack of illustrating his arguments by anecdotes, &c., parallel to the cases which were under the consideration of the jury. Pleading one day, to set aside the will of a superstitious old dotard, who had left the whole of his property for building a chapel, and for the extravagant maintenance of the preacher of a sect to which he had belonged,—to the utter disinheritance of his own daughter, who had displeased him *by marrying out of the*

congregation,—Mr. Dunning concluded his address to the jurors in these words:—

"But why need I expatiate, gentlemen, on the enormity and folly of this bigoted parent? I shall not insult your understandings by saying another word on that disgusting subject. But, that you may be perfectly satisfied,—however much these selfish people may think themselves wronged by non-compliance with the terms of the will—that the testator's child, *only*, has a natural, a moral, and a legal right to the whole of his estate; need I bring any other proof than that of the legitimacy of her birth? Surely not!—I shall not detain you longer, therefore, than by relating a little Spanish fable, which I shall leave you to apply as your own consciences may dictate.—'A monkey once stole a gentleman's hat and feather, which he put upon his own head. A dispute arose between the parties. The monkey called a number of his fellows to prove that the hat belonged to him. The appeal was made to the elephant, as he did not belong to either of the species of men or of mon-

keys. The gentleman also, on his part, called a few witnesses to prove that the hat was his property. 'There is no reason,' said the elephant, 'to waste time in the examination of witnesses: the hat and feather belong to the *gentleman*.'"—The patrimony was awarded to the young lady.

In a case of demur at the excessive charges of a fashionable tailor, the following story, related by Mr. Dunning, had considerable weight with the jury, in reducing the bill:—"An officer of the regiment of Artois, in France, who had visited London, was on his way from thence to Paris, and spent a night at the Hotel D'Angleterre, at Calais. On examining his bill the next morning, he found that he was charged a guinea for his supper, which had consisted only of cold meat and a bottle of *vin du pays*.

"Enraged at so gross an imposition, he summoned the host, and insisted on a considerable abatement.—'Milord!' said the landlord, 'I cannot disgrace an *Englishman* of your rank, by charging him a less price.'

"'Sirrah!' replied the officer, 'I am not an Englishman, nor a man of quality, but a poor lieutenant in the service of the Grande Monarque.'

"'Morbleu!' rejoined the landlord, 'I confess I have made an egregious blunder. I hope your excellency's honour will forgive me, if I reduce my demand to *half-a-crown!*"

Notwithstanding his great eminence as a Juris-consult, he had no great inclination ever to enter into a lawsuit himself; a precaution, by the by, peculiar to all great lawyers.*

* One day, after Counsellor Marriott had retired from practice, he happened to be in a company where the *uncertainty of the law* became the topic of conversation; and he, of course, was applied to for his opinion, which he gave in the following laconic style:—"If any man was to claim the coat upon my back, and threaten me with a lawsuit if I refused to give it him, he should certainly have it; lest, in defending my coat, I should too late find to my cost, that I was deprived of my waistcoat also."

According to the newspapers, an action of ejectment being tried at Durham a few months ago, in which a point of law raised by Mr. Pollock was overruled by Baron Hullock, his Lordship observed that the point must be decided elsewhere; saying, "Your only remedy is in a Court of Equity, *and I, for one, would not advise you to go there.*"

One evening, on his return to his house at Fulham, his steward came in to tell him that a neighbouring farmer had cut down two great trees on his premises. "Well," said he, "and what did you say to him?"

"Say to him!" replied the man, "why I told him we should trounce him famously with a lawsuit."

"Did you so?" said Dunning: "then you must carry it on yourself; for, depend on 't, I sha'n't trouble my head about the matter."

Unfortunately, Mr. Dunning possessed a degree of *personal vanity*, which was very incompatible with his contemptible figure, general understanding, and great attainments. The consequence was, that he fancied he had a taste for dress, and that his influence with the fair sex was irresistible. His great wealth, too, enabled him to indulge his amorous feelings, by taking several very fine women under his protection.—One evening, at George's Coffee-house in the Strand, where, on account of his distance from home, he was accustomed to invite the wits and *literati* of the day to dine or sup with him three or

four times a-week,* he was boasting to Sam. Foote, how much the ladies in general were in love with him; and said that a favourite girl of his was so particularly fond, that she actually died with a letter of his in her hand! "Ah! poor young lady," said the wit, "I heard she died upon the ——."

Though Lord Ashburton died at the early age of fifty-two,† he had saved no less a sum than 150,000*l.* in the twenty-five years of his practice! Besides which, he always lived in a liberal style; though, from the great extent of his practice at the Bar, he had no time to enjoy the pleasures of a regular domestic establishment. He was three years at the Bar without receiving even as much as one hundred gui-

* Dunning was attached to this house, from having frequented it in the early part of his career. Here he unbent himself from the fatigues of business, by enjoying the society of Foote, Garrick, Murphy, &c., and on Saturday noon he generally took a whole bevy of them down with him to his house at Fulham, where they enjoyed themselves until Monday morning, when they all drove to town together.

† A. D. 1783, the year after he was ennobled, and became Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster.

neas!* During the fourth, he received upwards of a thousand; and during the latter twelve,

* Whilst Dunning studied in the Middle Temple, and for some years afterwards, his father, who was an attorney in his native town, allowed him *a hundred a-year;* and he had chambers up two-pair of stairs in Pump-court, where it was his custom to read from an early hour in the morning until late in the evening, without ever going out, or permitting the lounging visits of his fellow-students. He then made his dinner and supper together, at the Grecian or George's Coffee-house, to the frequenters of which, his wit and information were a great treat. He was first brought into notice, professionally, by drawing up a Memorial respecting a dispute between the English and Dutch in the East Indies. This was in 1764, and it was such a masterpiece of language and reasoning, as to produce a conciliating answer and redress from their High Mightinesses of Holland; on which occasion, the English East India Company presented him with a 500*l.* bank-note. His fortune was now made; for his abilities being thus known and recognized, briefs poured in on every side.

Whilst he was in the meridian of his practice, old Mr. Dunning came to London to join in securities for a law-student performing his terms, &c. When he had signed the bond, the clerk at the Treasurer's Office in the Temple, seeing the name, asked him with some eagerness, whether he stood in any relation to the *great Dunning?* The old man, feeling this inadvertent praise of his son, drew himself up, and replied with great

his practice amounted to between eight and ten thousand a-year.—Few lawyers, without a con-

dignity and sensibility, "I am John Dunning's *father*, Sir."

Mrs. Dunning, coming once to town to see her son, took frequent opportunities of reprehending him for what she deemed the great extravagance of his house-keeping. Several of the gentlemen above-mentioned being at Fulham one Sunday, a very elegant entertainment was prepared, to do his mother all due honour. When the old woman, however, beheld the splendid sideboard and table laden with all the varieties of the season, she was struck dumb with amazement and hardly spoke during the repast. Having at length taken an opportunity of withdrawing, she sent for her son, whom she thus addressed:—

"John," said she, "I shall not stop another day to witness your shameful extravagance."

"My dear mother," replied John, "you ought to consider that I can well afford it:—my income, you know—"

"No income," interrupted the old woman, "is sufficient to stand against such shameful prodigality. The sum which your cook told me that very *turbot* cost, ought to be enough to support any reasonable family for a whole week."

"Pooh, pooh! my dear mother," responded Dunning, "you would not have me appear shabby. Besides, what is a turbot, after all?"

"Pooh, pooh!" re-echoed his mother; "don't pooh! me, John. I tell you, such goings-on can come to no

siderable paternal estate at starting in the world, and who have died at fifty, have left so large a fortune at their decease.

good; and you will see the end of it before long. However, it sha n't be said that your mother encouraged such sinful waste; for I mean to set off in the coach for Devonshire to-morrow morning."

All Dunning's rhetorical efforts to detain his mother in town were of no avail. The old lady kept her word.

XI.

BLUE HANGER.

Lord Coleraine, formerly known by the familiar appellation of *Blue Hanger*, from the colour of his clothes, was perhaps the best dressed man of his age; and he was no less remarkable for his politeness and good humour. Heavy losses at play, when he was a young man, compelled him to retire into France, in order to avoid his creditors; and there he remained upwards of twelve years, until the death of his elder brother; when he came to the title, and returned to this country a complete *Frenchman.*

On his Lordship's first visit to Drury-lane Theatre, his natural turn for pleasantry brought him into a *rencontre* that gave him some un-

easiness. Seeing a gentleman *in boots* enter the box where he was sitting, in the dress-circle, and place himself on the seat just before him, rather abruptly, his ideas of etiquette could not well brook what in France would have been considered a breach of decorum. Accordingly, he addressed him in the following words:—"I beg, Sir, you will make no apology!"

"Apology, Sir!" replied the stranger; "apology for what?"

"Why," returned his Lordship, pointing down towards the boots, "that you did not bring your horse with you into the box."

"Perhaps it is lucky for you, Sir," retorted the stranger, "that I did not bring my *horse-whip;* but I have a remedy at *hand*, and I will *pull your nose* for your impertinence." Some other gentlemen in the box now interfered; an exchange of cards took place, and both parties left the theatre.

Blue went immediately to his brother George, at Brookes's; and having stated the particulars, begged his assistance to get him out of the scrape; "which," said he, "may

end in bloodshed.—I acknowledge," he continued, "that I was the first aggressor; but it was too bad to threaten to pull my nose. What had I better do?"

"*Soap it well,*" replied George, "and then it will easily slip through his fingers."* George, however, accommodated the affair to the satisfaction of all parties, by explaining to the stranger, that his brother had resided so long in France, as almost to forget the customs of his countrymen.

* This method of avoiding a hearty tweak of the *proboscis* appears to have been a favourite of Colonel Hanger's, for he recommends it even in the Memoirs of his Life; he says, that whenever any person is inclined to calumniate a gentleman behind his back, he ought to take the precaution of *soaping his nose first.*

XII.

SELWYNIANA.

For several years, George Selwyn was reckoned to be the prince of wits, not only at Brookes's but in private society; and many persons still remember, that, in the generality of his repartees, there was a sting of attic poignancy which rendered him, in a peculiar manner, the scourge of folly and self-pretension:—this will be fully exemplified in the following anecdotes.

One morning, whilst he was drinking chocolate with the Duke of Queensberry, a newly appointed Commissioner of Taxes made his appearance at his Grace's house in Piccadilly, to pay his compliments. This man was in a

tumult of joy at his preferment; but, though it was to the Duke he had primarily been indebted for his good fortune, he hardly thanked him; for he was possessed with the notion that it was from his own merit that he had acquired the promotion. On his *entrée*, he assumed several consequential airs, thinking that he was now as great a man as the Duke himself; and he only deigned to notice the obligation as far as two friends, on a scale of absolute equality, would think of noticing a familiar interchange of civilities which might have occasionally passed between them.

"So, Mr. Commissioner," said Selwyn—"you will excuse me, Sir, I forget your name,—you are at length *installed*, I find." The word *installed* conveyed an awkward idea; for the new Commissioner's grandfather had been a stable-boy, and of course literally belonged to the *stalls*.

"Why, Sir," replied the other, "if you mean to say, that I am at length *appointed*, I have the pleasure to inform you that the business is settled. Yes, Sir, I *am* appointed; and

though our noble friend, the Duke here, *did* oblige me with letters to the minister, yet these letters were of no use; and I was positively promoted to the office without knowing a syllable about the matter, or even taking a *single step in it.*"

"What! not a *single* step?" cried George.

"No, not one, upon my honour," replied the new-fledged placeman:—"Egad! Sir, I did not walk a foot out of my way for it."

"And egad, Sir," retorted Selwyn, "you never before uttered half so much truth in so few words.—*Reptiles, Sir, can neither walk nor take steps;—Nature ordained it for them to creep.*"

Sir Robert Macraith had for several years been head-waiter at the Cocoa Tree, where he was known by the appellation of Bob; and at length rose from that humble situation to the rank of Baronet. He was a clever, good-natured, civil fellow, and greatly liked. When he himself succeeded to the business, he was rather puzzled as to what would be the most

appropriate name for his house. George Selwyn calling in one morning, he stated the difficulty to him, saying, that he was afraid "*Bob's Coffee House*" would sound rather queerly.

"Oh, no," said George, "just the thing; for then it will be *Bob* without, and *robbing* (Robin) within."

A lady, famous only for her low birth,—but who from a large fortune acquired by her father, in the respectable and *liberal* occupations of pawnbroker and usurer, had been enabled to form a matrimonial alliance with a nobleman, whose constitution and estate had been broken up together in a continued round of dissipation, —was showing her new and elegantly furnished house to Mr. Selwyn. Having led him from room to room, and displayed the whole of her rhetoric and taste, she at last threw open a large pair of folding-doors that led into the grand saloon, which was superbly furnished, but contained no pictures.

"Here, Mr. Selwyn," said she, "I intend to hang up all my family."

"I thought," replied George, "your Ladyship might have spared yourself that trouble; for I always understood, they were *hung up*, long ago."

Another titled dame, young and beautiful, but very giddy and foolish, walking one day with Selwyn, asked him, if from the smallness of her features and figure she did not look very young?

"Indeed," replied he, "your Ladyship looks as if you were just come from boarding-school for the Midsummer holidays; and fit to return again to finish your lessons: it is hoped that in a year or two you would be able to read, write, sit, stand, walk, and talk."

When Selwyn heard that Earl Grosvenor had recovered ten thousand pounds, as damages from the Duke of Cumberland, for adultery with his Lady, he exclaimed, "Fœnum habet in Cornu!—who the devil would not be a cuckold? a handsome wife is an absolute treasure *in banco!*—Well, I always thought that

Grosvenor wore *antlers* on his forehead; but now I find it is a *cornu-copia*."

Selwyn one day dining at the *old* Duke of Richmond's, a French Marquess was declaiming on the ingenuity of his countrymen; "who," said he, "were de grande artistes for de modes and de fashions, *pour tout le monde*;—for instance, look at de roffel, (ruffle) dat fine ornament for de hand and for de breast: de Frenchman invent it, and all de oder nations of Europe quickly adopt de same plan."

"True," replied Mr. Selwyn, "we allow that your countrymen have great merit in invention; but you must at the same time admit that, though the English are not an *inventive*, they are at least an *improving* people: for example, to the very articles which you mention they have made a very important and useful addition."

"*Les Anglois*, Mistare Selvin," returned the Frenchman, stroking and pulling down the ruffles on his breast and hands, "are, *sans doute*, ver clevare men; *mais je ne connois pas*

quelle improvement dey could have make to de roffel; *qu'est ce que la*, Monsieur?"

"Why, by adding a *shirt* to it, to be sure," replied George.

During the rage of republican principles in England, and whilst the Corresponding Society was in full vigour, Mr. Selwyn happened one May-day to meet a troop of chimney-sweepers, dressed out in all their gaudy trappings; and observed to Mr. Fox, who was walking with him, "I say, Charles, I have often heard you and others talk of *the majesty of the people*, but I never saw any of the young *princes* and *princesses* till now."

Soon after Mr. Samuel Whitbread had returned from his travels, he rendered himself very conspicuous by taking an active part against the Ministry, at a public meeting of the Westminster electors. The Duke of Queens-

berry, speaking of this, at Brookes's, said that "the *brewer* was making a desperate *lunge* at popularity."

"Pardon me, Duke," replied Selwyn; "he is only playing at *carte and tierce*."

A general officer in the American War, was one evening, at the Cocoa-tree, describing to the company the phenomena of certain hot and cold springs, which he said he had frequently found quite close to each other, during his campaign in the south-western territory. Just as Selwyn entered the room, he was saying that fish of various sorts abounded in the latter, and that all that those of the army who were fond of fish had to do, after the fatigue of a day's march, in order to provide a dinner, was to angle for a few moments with a string and hook in the cold spring; and as soon as the bait took, to pull out the fish and pop it in the hot one, where it was boiled in the twinkling of an eye!

This marvellous account operated differently

on the several gentlemen present; some were incredulous, others amazed, whilst all agreed that it was exceedingly curious.

"There is nothing at all surprising in the general's narrative, gentlemen," said Selwyn, "and indeed, I myself can vouch for the truth of it; for when I was in France I was witness to similar phenomena. In Auvergne there are springs similar to those in America, but with this remarkable addition, that there is generally a *third*, containing *hot parsley and butter*;—accordingly, the peasants and others who go a fishing, usually carry with them large wooden bowls or ladles, so that after the fish has been cooked according to the general's receipt, they have a most delicious sauce provided for it at the same moment!—You seem to doubt my veracity, gentlemen; therefore I only beg that those who are incredulous may set out for France as soon as they please, and see the thing with their own eyes."

"But, Mr. Selwyn," said the general, "consider the improbability of parsley and butter."

"I beg your pardon, my good Sir," inter-

rupted George; "I gave you full credit for your story, and you are surely too polite not to believe mine."

As one of those eccentricities which are sometimes known to prevail in the characters of men, otherwise perfectly consistent, it is necessary to relate that Mr. Selwyn—like one or two persons in high life of the present day—had the strange propensity of going to see malefactors executed! This his friend Horace Walpole has also related of him. In the metropolis he was seldom absent from a hanging-match;—and he has been known on some occasions to have been present at such scenes even in the provinces!

A notorious criminal being to be broken on the wheel, at Paris, Selwyn left London in haste, to witness the spectacle. In order to render this execution as solemn as possible, the French Government had ordered that many of the provincial executioners should attend; and these, on arriving at the Place de Grève, were ranged in a circle round the scaffold, and wel-

comed, one by one, by the Paris finisher of the law, as 'Monsieur de Bordeaux,—Monsieur de Lyons,—Monsieur de Marseilles,'—&c.

George having managed for a trifling sum to procure a place among this assembly of *artistes*, Monsieur de Paris quickly spied him out, and thinking that it was the London hangman with whose presence his performance was about to be honoured, he saluted him by the honourable appellation of "*Monsieur Jean Ketch de Tyborn.*"

Selwyn, bowing, replied, "Sir, you do me rather too much honour: I have not yet received my diploma as a *professor* of the art; I am only an *amateur*, but should be proud of the honour of bringing my hand in, by performing on a gentleman of your height and figure."

Returning in haste from France, in the winter season, on hearing a report of a probable change in the Ministry, by which he was more than likely to lose his place, Selwyn appeared at the drawing-room at St. James's, the next

court-day, in a light-coloured velvet dress. The King taking notice of this, George replied, "Yes, Sire, it is rather a cool habiliment; but, notwithstanding, I do assure your Majesty that I have been in a *violent sweat* ever since my arrival in England."

Counsellor Dunning and Dr. Brocklesby, one evening at the Cocoa-tree, were conversing on the *superfluities of life*, and the needless wants which men in society created for their own discomfort. Selwyn, whose aristocratic notions were such as to look with contempt on occupations of all sorts—on that of a medical man as well as that of a taylor,—exclaimed, "Very true, gentlemen, I am myself an example of the justice of your remarks; for I have lived nearly all my life without wanting either a lawyer or a physician."

Mr. Selwyn's sarcasms on medical men were particularly severe; and he delighted in keep-

ing a poor devil on the *rack*, when the humour of inflicting *the torture* was upon him.

The Duke of Bedford, coming one evening into Brookes's, complained of some sand or splinter which the wind had blown into his eye. In the course of an hour he irritated that organ so much by continual rubbing, that it became quite inflamed and painful; and, at length, several gentlemen begged that he would allow a medical man to be sent for without delay. Accordingly, a servant was dispatched for a fashionable oculist in the neighbourhood, who soon arrived, and quickly extracted the offensive matter, to the patient's very great relief.

Having ordered a glass of cold water for the Duke to bathe his eye with, in order to reduce the inflammation, Mr. —— was preparing to retire, when his Grace and several other members politely requested him to sit down and pass the evening in the club, if he was not otherwise engaged.

The oculist, highly pleased by so flattering a compliment, accepted the invitation with ala-

crity, and sent orders to his coachman to return about two in the morning: he then sat down, and appeared so elated with his newly acquired consequence, as to consider himself quite at home. He addressed every one familiarly by his name, and in a tone which seemed to say "Hey, fellow! well met;"—until at length he became *rather* a bore.

His free-and-easy manner was tolerated by all but Selwyn, who sat fidgetting and longing for an opportunity to attack him. At length, with an eye to business, and like a woodcock whose *long bill* is stretched forth in quest of its insect prey, Mr. —— perched into the tree of medical science; where, having descanted largely and learnedly on the anatomy of the eye, he commenced a physiological lecture on the economy and uses of the retina, the pupil, the optic nerve, the lachrymal duct, the levator supercilii, and other parts of that organ.

This was too much for Selwyn's patience, and he cocked his rifle to bring him down. "I tell ye what, Mr. ——," said he; "this is, no doubt, all very fine and highly learned;

but you might as well treat your audience to a chapter out of the Hebrew Bible, for all they know or care about the matter. The worst of you medical men is, that you always mistake a saloon or drawing-room for the sick chamber; and you enter them with a pestle and mortar under your arm, whilst one hand brandishes the amputating-knife, and the other carries a glyster-pipe,—both ready for service.—Faugh! 'I pray you reform it altogether.'"

"If I have offended by describing the nature and seat of the Duke's disorder," replied the oculist, "I humbly beg pardon."

"Disorder! my good fellow," returned Selwyn; "no disorder at all: merely an inconvenience, which you very cleverly removed, and that too in a most simple manner, merely by drawing the upper eye-lid down upon the cheek, and there leaving the speck. In my humble opinion, if you professional men who really do good, were to confine yourselves to the mere performance of your duty, and kept your science to yourselves, the rest of the world would respect you more for it;

because people in general are apt to reverence that which is mysterious."

"My dear Sir," replied the oculist, "we who are regularly bred to the profession disdain all secrecy and mystery: these we leave to the charlatan, who practises on the credulity of the public, by puffing nostrums which are said to cure every disorder by some hidden or occult influence."

"Nay, Sir," returned the persevering cynic; "I appeal to yourself, whether nine-tenths of the London physicians are not as great quacks as Brodum or Van Butchell? Are not new theories as plentiful as blackberries? and does not each adopt that which is most likely to suit the humour of his patients, and fill his own pockets with fees? Is not the public at one time dosed with arsenic and digitalis, and at another with asses' milk and tar-water? And in what are these better—nay, are they not a great deal worse, than Graham's Celestial Bed or Brodum's Steel Tractors?"

"Very true, Sir," replied Mr. ——, "in the hands of unskilful persons they would be so;

but no regularly bred man will prescribe, without paying due attention to the symptoms, age, sex, and constitution of his patients."

"Stuff! my good fellow," returned Selwyn; "you know as well as I do, that fashionable physicians need not possess talents, nor have much knowledge of their profession; it is sufficient if they have skill and address to captivate a parcel of weak-minded old women: whereas, men of real knowledge, who will not stoop to pick up and dispense scandal, are generally destitute of patronage—indeed, sure to be neglected. The spirits of hypochondriacal ladies are wonderfully exhilarated by a dose of gossip, well seasoned with calumny and properly administered: besides, fashionable practitioners, when entrusted with family secrets, are useful to give advice in more respects than one; and if they possess the art of pleasing, they can do *other* things, you know, Mr. ——, besides curing either ophthalmia or the windy cholic."

"Upon my word, Mr. Selwyn, "observed the oculist, "you are very hard upon the

profession: but I could name many men whose virtues and talents would adorn any station in life: for example, the two Hunters, Dr. Warren, and many others."

"Very true! very true!" returned Selwyn, "there is no rule without exception; but I do not allude to the skilful members of your profession—such as surgeons and visiting apothecaries, who are certainly very useful in their way; but to those gentry, who, without any acquirement, save fashionable cant and impudence, thrust themselves into practice and a carriage, and drive over the heads of men of real talent and honesty, trampling them in the dirt:—

'Oh, quackery is the badge of all their tribe;'

or, rather,—as Voltaire says of the knowledge of astrologers, '*Notre credulité fait toute votre science.*'"

"Really, Sir," said Mr. ———, "your severity astonishes me; and is, I must say, very illiberal. You surely do not suppose that *all* physicians are so ignorant and unprincipled as

you have described?—if so, is it likely that they would be employed?"

"Why not, my good Sir?" returned the pertinacious and persecuting Selwyn. "How are the public to judge of your faults or blunders, except it be, that the *boldest* among you are the most *fortunate;* for, in medical homicides, as in cases of murder, dead men tell no tales?

"I remember having once read in some French author, of a lover, who being on the point of losing his mistress by a dangerous illness, went in search of a physician, on whose skill he might depend. In his way, he met with a person who possessed a talismanic mirror, by which, objects, undiscernible by the naked eye, could be distinguished. Having purchased this wonderful instrument, he made all possible haste to the house of a celebrated physician in the neighbourhood.

"In this mansion he beheld a multitude of spectres, which were the souls of men, women, and children, whom, in attempting to cure of various diseases, the physician had killed.

Struck with horror at the sight, the young man effected a hasty retreat, and visited another practitioner, in whose house he beheld similar spectres, but not so many in number. Still terrified and disgusted, he again fled with precipitation, and successively entered the habitations of several other medical *gentlemen*, determined to find some one who was *guiltless* of the blood of his fellow-creatures; but, alas! the poor fellow met with similar scenes, more or less aggravated by numbers, wherever he went.

"At length, almost in despair of finding any medical man fit for his purpose, or whom he could dare to employ, he was bending his steps homeward, sorrowful and sad, when he was asked by a friend who met him, whether, in the course of his peregrinations, he had called on a practitioner who lived in an obscure corner of the city?

"He replied, that he had not — he must have escaped his notice; but that he would now bend his way to the suburbs for that purpose.

"Accordingly, the young man soon arrived at this doctor's house, and having consulted his ta-

lisman, he perceived, only, the tiny souls of *two little children.* 'Now!' exclaimed the lover, in a transport of joy, 'at length, I have discovered a skilful and honest physician, who will speedily restore my beloved to health and to my arms!'

"Having related his business, the physician put some medicines into his pocket-case, and prepared to accompany him to the abode of his charmer. On their way, his curiosity was excited to ask the young man 'how he had found him out, as he lived at such a distance?'

"'How!' replied the latter; 'why, by your reputation—your skill.'

"'My reputation!' returned the compounder of drugs; 'Lord, Sir, you are surely quizzing; I have not been more than *eight days* in business, nor have yet seen but *two patients!*"

This *jeu d'esprit* excited considerable mirth; and Mr. ——— could not help joining in the laugh against himself. But, anxious to defend his profession from the aspersions of so determined an assailant, he endeavoured still to

maintain his ground, not considering that the longer he did so, the less chance had he of making a safe and honourable retreat; for, come what might, Selwyn was sure to have the last word—even if it were to be his last.

"Your fable, Sir," observed Mr. ———, "is certainly very amusing; but amusement, you will allow, is not conviction. Indeed, as you must admit, the rule of conduct generally followed by medical men is totally at variance either with neglect or want of skill. When a practitioner finds that his own care is insufficient in subduing a disease, he never hesitates to send for some person more eminent, or rather more experienced, than himself, to assist him; I have done so myself, in hundreds of cases."

"Worse and worse, by G—d!" retorted the impenetrable cynic: "with one doctor, you may have some chance—if it be only of being able to drench him with his own filthy potions, or of kicking him down-stairs; but *two* are the devil—for one of them kills you by inches, and the other picks your bones—while both pick your pockets. No, no; if I must be put to

death, let me have the *coup de grace* as soon as possible; and, for that, *one* executioner is quite sufficient."

One would think that Mr. —— had had enough; at least every one present, except himself, thought so. He would still continue the argument, however; and, conceiving that Selwyn's ammunition was expended, he once more breasted himself up in defiance, or, rather, he persevered in deprecating the sarcastic humour of his persecutor. But the latter had still a shot in his locker, which, being well aimed, winged the oculist, and he effected a speedy retreat.

"Mr. Selwyn," said Mr.——, "your opinions are certainly the most singular, and, let me add, *unjust*, that I ever heard uttered: and if I may be permitted to adduce my own professional conduct as a practical refutation of them, I would say, without any boast of disinterestedness, that whatever detriment I may suffer by the loss of fees, I invariably advise those patients whom I cannot further assist, to adjourn to the country, the sea-side, or to some

watering-place. There, I recommend them to the care of some eminent practitioner on the spot."

"Doubtless! doubtless!" replied Selwyn; "you take care to recommend them to one who, in his turn, will recommend you; just in the same manner as the landlord of the *Red Lion* in one town, recommends the publican of the Black Lion in another.

"I remember a fat, hypochondriacal clothier at Bath, who, after drinking the waters for several seasons, became very fidgetty and troublesome to his physician; and the latter, as the only means of getting rid of him for a time, advised him to try the *hot wells* at Bristol. The patient, of course supposing that such a change of air and water would contribute to ease his malady, instantly acceded to the proposition, and received from the physician a letter addressed to a brother Galen at Bristol; in which, he said, his case was fully described. Having received his *despatches*, the manufacturer got into his carriage and started.

"When he had proceeded about half-way,

however, a fit of the *maladie imaginaire* came on him so strong, as to excite his curiosity to know the doctor's *real opinion* of his disorder; accordingly, calling for tea at an inn on the road, he held the letter over the spout of the tea-kettle, the steam issuing from which, speedily dissolved the wafer, and he read as follows:—

'DEAR SIR,

'*The bearer is a fat Wiltshire clothier:—make the most of him whilst he remains at Bristol, as I have done at Bath. Towards the end of autumn, you may send him back for the winter; and I shall manage in such a manner, as to give you another turn next summer.*

Your's truly, &c.'

"This letter proved a complete *cathartic* to the clothier: and put an end to all his hypochondriacal vagaries; for he ordered his coachman to turn the horses' heads round, and he drove home into Wiltshire, damning all physicians, quacks, apothecaries, and hot wells."

Mr. ——, having by this time lost all temper and patience, arose from his seat, and when the

peals of laughter had partially subsided, he declared that he never before was so insulted in his life; and that were it not for the disparity of his own and Mr. Selwyn's age, the latter should find that a medical man could resent an affront as readily as any other person.

"Being fully aware of that," retorted George, "I have no inclination to encounter such awful odds; for, if your pistol were to miss fire, how could I stand the explosion of a whole apothecary's shop?"

The Duke and others endeavoured to restore harmony, but in vain; for the oculist's feelings were wounded, and he left the house in high dudgeon.

XIII.

A BRIGHTON ODDITY.

SEVERAL gentlemen, at Boodle's, appeared one evening to be greatly amused by the writer's description of an eccentric character, who resides in the neighbourhood of Brighton, named Buckhorse.

This man, by successful traffic in horses for many years, had amassed together a considerable sum of money. His riches, however, imparted to him none of that amenity and good manners which they generally do on men of, even slender, education. He has always remained perfectly illiterate; and is, consequently, at this day, as coarse and saucy in his habits and conversation, as when he commenced his career as

a stable-boy. Notwithstanding this, however, he fancies that wealth entitles him to a rank in society which birth and education, only, can confer; and he is ever on the *qui vive* to imitate the manners of the great, and the language of the learned,—to the infinite amusement of the inhabitants and visitors of Brighton, who occasionally associate with him, in order to draw him out and laugh at his eccentricities.

From the continual blunders which he makes in attempting to express himself in highly sounding language, it might be supposed that Buckhorse is a stupid ignoramus in every thing which does not regard the condition of a horse: not so, however; for, though able only to make his *mark*, he is feelingly alive to the prospect of gain, from whatever source it may arise; and he can calculate that gain, by a sort of intuitive or mental arithmetic, even to the utmost farthing. He is, moreover, a perfect *Master of Arts* in all that professional cunning which is so characteristic of the knights of the stall and the corn-bin; as will be fully exemplified in some of the following anecdotes.

A few years ago, Buckhorse was severely attacked by rheumatism; and, after trying a variety of remedies, was at last persuaded by the writer, who had some dealings with him at the time, to undergo ashampooing.—On inquiring what was the cause of his disorder, Buckhorse replied as follows:—

"Vy, ye see, Sir, I vent on a 'quatic execution on the hocean, wi' my vife and some other ladies and gen'lemen, and it blew the tremendyusest gale as never was seen; so, ve vere obliged to use our hoars; and I thinks, that from prespiring and fartigue, I took cold in my *lines*; but my Missus says as how the rheumatise comed by catching cold from being scroudged in the pit, to see Kean hact the Merchant o' Wenus, and being afterwards hexposed to the veather and the helements, on our road 'ome."

"But have you done nothing to get rid of this rheumatism?" inquired the writer.

"Oh, yes!" replied Buckhorse, "I 've took lots o' potecary's stuff, and 'ave been on a

coolin' regiment this fortnight; for I 'aven't drank no wynd nor any spiritual and' fomented liquors whatsomever: but it's no use, bless you, for I 'm worn to a shador,—a mere skelipton,—and the rheumatise is as bad as ever; so, I thinks I 'm a goin' to the *regency* (regions) below, as fast as I can."

"Pooh! nonsense!" said the writer, "you must get shampooed; that is the proper method of getting rid of your complaint."

Buckhorse promised to follow this friendly advice without delay.

Meeting him a few days afterwards, the writer inquired how his health was, and whether he had found benefit from the vapour baths.

Buckhorse replied: "Lord bless you, Sir, them 'ere baths are no good: I got quite pie-boiled by that black fellow,—that savage *Hingeon*, Molly-nooks, who squeedged and kneaded me about, like a lump o' biscuit-baker's dough. I couldn't a-bear it no longer; so, I disgarded him."

"But has Molyneux done you no good?"

"Lord bless you, Sir! no more than nothin' at all."

"But you ought to go to Mahommed; he has cured many persons, and is well known as a clever man."

"Lord bless you, my dear Sir, I can't a-bear them 'ere Hingeon canibals. I made such a diskivery about 'em, that I vonder as how the King lets 'em live in a Christian country."

"What!" observed the writer, laughing heartily, "you are surely not afraid of being killed and eaten?"

"An't I though!—vy, the landlord o' the Ship told me in a great secret, the day afore yesterday, as how them 'ere 'Ottenpot chaps, Molly-nooks and Mahometan, knocked their customers about, and byld 'em alive in steam, in order to make their flesh tender: and that ven the poor devils kicked the bucket, the insurrection fellows brought 'em back to these here Hingeons to be cut up for German saasages; and to be byled over again, bones and all, to make merry-go-tawney soup, to be sent abroad to

their black 'Ottenpot relations, the nigger wagabones, in the Vest Hingees."

"Why, Buckhorse, you are surely not such a fool as to believe all that silly nonsense!" replied the writer, still laughing: "take my advice, my good fellow, go to Mahommed and be shampooed properly: that is the sure and only method of getting rid of your rheumatism; and don't be frightened at such bugbears as these wags choose to conjure up."

The horse-dealer having some respect for the writer's opinion and advice, and being moreover urged by pain from his disorder, visited Mahommed without delay, and in a short time he completely recovered.

Meeting him soon afterwards, the writer inquired how he got on; when he broke out in the most hyperbolic praise of his Indian physician.

"Oh! what a nice man that 'ere Mister Mahometan is, sure-ly!—he bamboozled me twenty-eight times, at a guinea a time; and now I 'm as hearty as a buck. I heats four pork saasages, or a couple o' rashers *bryled*,

every mornin' for my dejoon;—I 'as a good slice o' Westfaily ham,—about 'alf a pound or there away,—and a couple o' nice heggs, for lunch, wi' a can o' glorious home-brewed.—Me and Missus sits down to dinner at three, and we pegs away in grand style,—for I always 'ad a good happetite for my dinner, sick or well; and I drinks a bottle o' good port to my own cheek,—for Missus likes 'Ollands and vater;—vell, at supper, I 'as a nice rump-steak, or pork-chop, bryled on the gridion, and after a snecker o' strong harrack punch, to warm my stomach, I goes to bed.—Lord bless you! vhen I was so bad vith the rheumatise, I couldn't heat nor drink nothin' at all,—not even half o' that ere; but now I 'm quite charmin', and I feels such a nungry fit now and then, that I could heat an 'oss behind the saddle, or heven a live cat *stooed* wi' hingans.—Only think o' the vonderful vorks o' natur.!"

"I am glad to hear you are so well, Mr. Buckhorse; but, do you still retain the opinion that Mahommed is a *canibal*?"

"Lord bless you, Sir, no! that vas a noax; Mister Mahometan is as nice a fellor as ever breathed under Heaven's canipup; and vhat 's more nor that, he gave me an order for ar. 'oss. He 's such a good fellor, by G—d! that I means to shew my *hin*gratitude by getting him a nunter."

The horse-dealer's sense of *gratitude* and *good feeling* towards Mahommed will be seen in the sequel:—the latter wanted a good riding-horse for about sixty guineas; but Buckhorse felt the jockey rise within him, and honesty, friendship, and honour were put to flight.

After two or three weeks' delay, during which he pretended to Mahommed that his servants were searching all the fairs around, he told him that every effort to procure him "an 'igh bred 'unter" had failed; and that he was therefore afraid he should be obliged to part with a favourite horse of his own, which he would sooner "die than give up to any other person under the canipup of heaven, except his dear friend, Mister Mahometan."

Accordingly, the shampooer visited Buckhorse's livery stables; and the latter ordered a *good-looking* horse to be brought out: this animal, however, had been entirely *made up* for sale, for he was spavined, glandered, and broken-winded.—The dealer, on this occasion, thus addressed his partner:—

"I say, Jobson, bring out that 'ere 'oss; but, for God's sake, don't let me see the going of him: he's a noble hanimal, and I made a hoath, when I bought him, never to part wi' him; but, to oblige my dear friend, Mister Mahometan, who bamboozled me so well, he shall 'ave him, though it breaks my wery heart to part wi' him. So, bring the poor thing out, Jobson; but I can't a-bear to stop to see the last on him.—I hopes, Mister Mahometan, that you 'll use him well; for he 's a gallows good un to go, and as beautiful a creetur as ever I see!"

Away went the hypocritical rogue, exclaiming, "O Lord! O Lord! that I should live to see the day of parting wi' that 'ere fine hani-

mal!" And away went poor Mahommed with his precious bargain.

"By dint of the whip and spur, the latter *arrived* at Brighton; but although his new master treated him with the utmost gentleness, and notwithstanding his late owner's hyperbolical praise, he turned out to be good for nothing! At length, poor Mahommed was obliged to sell him for *Three Guineas*, to feed the hounds!"

Buckhorse, though, as already stated, as illiterate as any of the quadrupeds in his own stables, at one time took it into his head that his parlour-table would be graced by placing thereupon a large family Bible: accordingly, he employed a friend, an auctioneer, to procure the same for him at some sale; enjoining him, at the same time, to be sure to get "a good un and beautifully bound."

"And I tell you what, Sam," continued he; "whilst you are about it, better kill two birds wi' one stone. If you can buy me a couple of chevaliers for my chimley piece, good

and cheap, my dear fellor, with a *noblia** in the centre, and a few fine *marvel statutes* and picturs to stick about the 'ouse, I'll be so much obliged to you, my dear fellor, you can't think: but take care to let 'em be good and cheap, else I can't have 'em, you know, Sam."

According to his instructions, the auctioneer *bought in* several ornamental articles, which he thought suitable for the decoration of the interior of Buckhorse's domicile; but, as ill-luck would have it, he could not readily lay his hand on any second-hand Bible which, in regard to binding, he thought good enough for his friend.

A gentleman's library, however, coming under the hammer, the thought struck him, as he surveyed a shelf of *folios*, that one of these volumes would answer the horse-dealer's purpose equally well with the best copy of the Holy Scriptures that ever issued from the presses of Oxford or Cambridge: besides this, he had a strong desire to play Buckhorse a

* A chimney ornament representing an obelisk, and usually made of spar, or black marble.

trick. Accordingly, he picked out Boyer's French dictionary, embellished with a dashing frontispiece, displaying the head of the author, and surrounded by miniature portraits of the most celebrated French writers. Having packed the book up with the chandeliers, busts, &c., he sent the whole to Buckhorse's residence.

The latter, proud of his new pieces of finery, soon displayed them in their proper places; but unfortunately, whilst exhibiting his purchase to a neighbour, a few days afterwards, *smash* went the centre ornament and one of the chandeliers!

In the mean time, the auctioneer did not choose to call for payment, fearful that his trick respecting the dictionary might have been discovered, and, of course, anticipating a severe reprimand; but he was soon relieved from this suspense, by the horse-dealer calling on him to relate the misfortune above-mentioned.

"My dear Sam," said he, "such a haccident! you 've no idear!"

"What accident, Mr. Buckhorse?" inquired

the auctioneer, apprehensive that it had some reference to the Bible-hoax.

"My dear fellor," answered the horse-dealer, "you know them 'ere chevaliers and that 'ere noblix!—By the Lord! they're smashed, Sam!"

"You don't say so?" returned Sam, thinking they were broken during carriage.

"By the Lord Harry! Sam, but they are done for," responded Buckhorse; "and vhat's worse, Nanny,—that 'ere b—h of a maid o' mine, as is always in mischief o' some sort,—smashed that 'ere beautiful naked heffigy of the Wenus of Medicine as stood on the pedestral in the corner, and broke the poor thing's nose: she shoved her down wi' the broom handle. I could almost cry, Sam, for that 'ere darling himage; she looked so lovely and fascerating, that my wery mouth watered at the sight of her dear legs and harms. But I dare say, Sam, as I 'm quite a connoiseurer in them 'ere things, as how you can get me another Wenus to put in her place?"

"Perhaps I can," returned Sam; "but

how were the chandelier and obelisk broken? I assure you that I packed them very carefully."

"I know you did, my dear fellor," interrupted the horse-dealer; "but ye see, as I vas a showing them to my neighbour, Squire Wilkins, he, like a stoopid, being *elibrated* with *wynd* and other *spiritual* and *fomented* liquors, just after dinner, you know, lets 'em fall on the hearth. It was so *agrivoking*,* Sam, you can't think; and Missus is so mad as I don't make the Squire pay the damage: but that wouldn't be genteel, Sam, would it?"

"By no means," returned the auctioneer.

"Not," continued Buckhorse, "that I could not make him pay the damage I have *substained*, mind me, Sam; but I likes to do the genteel thing. Howsomever, if Wilkins, as Missus says, wur a gentleman, he would make *volitary destitution*, without more ado."

"True, Mr. Buckhorse," returned the auctioneer, "but it is not worth thinking about;

* Compound of aggravating and provoking.

for, I dare say, I can replace the articles for about the same money."

"Wery well, Sam, do so, my dear fellor; and while ye're about it, try and get me a large *chevalier* to be *expended* from the drawing-room ceiling, just like Sir John Shelley's, you know; and then ve'll be quite the tippy. Let it be cheap tho'."

"Oh, certainly," said the sly auctioneer; who, perceiving that he might safely change the subject, asked the horse-dealer, "How he liked his folio Bible?"

"Oh, my dear fellor, I never had such a Bible in my life as that 'ere: I 'ave read it all over from beginning to hend; and the print is so large, that it's quite hedifying. It really is a capital Bible; but as for the pictur, I never in my life sbe such a beautiful likeness o' Jesus Christ and his hangels! I vas certain it vas a wery waleable work the moment I set eyes on it."

By his traffic in horse-flesh, of which no dealer in Sussex was a better judge, and by

occasional betting at Lewes and other races, Buckhorse, in the course of a few years, accumulated a very large sum of money; and in order to support the respectability which he supposed his riches conferred on him, he resolved to commit the active part of his business to his partner, and to set up a carriage.

In order to be quite genteel, he desired the coachmaker to build him one, "spick-and-span new;" although several were shown to him of handsome pattern which had just been finished.

"No, no," said Buckhorse;" by goles! I von't stand that 'ere: I 'll have my own wehicle, or none; and I 'll have such a set of *'osses*, as were never seen in these here parts; as beautiful creeturs as ever the breath o' life was put into: and as I intends to go on a *tower* to Lunnun, I 'll 'ave a coachman and footman for Missus in reglar livery, vith eplogues on their shoulders. So ye see, Mister Tomkins, if so be as you likes to make me a hequipage, as is the superior thing, I 'll 'ave it and pay for it: if not, vhy, ye see, I 'll send to Lunnun, that's all."

Not wishing to lose so good an order, Tomkins set to work, and soon produced a very handsome carriage. He informed Buckhorse that all was ready for starting, except the *coat of arms*, which he desired might be furnished without delay, in order to be painted on the pannels. This was a poser; but Buckhorse soon found out a method of supplying the deficiency, by going on the Lewes race-course, and carefully inspecting all the equipages, in order to choose the *handsomest!*

At length, he fixed upon that of Sir John Shelley (whom, by the by, he wished to rival on more occasions than one); but the coach-builder refused point-blank to commit so gross a piracy, dreading of course a prosecution from the Heralds' College. This decided the affair; for Buckhorse now swore that he would not have the carriage, "He 'd see him d—d first!"

Although in his own avocations, and indeed in any case where there was a prospect of gain, no man displayed more acuteness than Buckhorse; still, in any thing beyond his proper sphere, our horse-dealer was as completely at

sea, as his inveterate habit of using high sounding words and phrases, and his ambition to appear genteel, could carry him. This, on many occasions, produced a *charming* confusion of ideas, to the great entertainment of his auditory.

He was particularly fond of using the word "*million*," although he had not the least idea of the value of this high number. Not only would he say, "*a million of thanks! a million of blessings!*" but he likewise applied the word to matters of greater importance.

On one occasion, whilst bestowing the most hyperbolical praises on a hat which he had bought at Brighton, he thus addressed the shopkeeper who sold it to him: "Make a *million* of 'em, my dear fellor, and put 'em in your windur: only call 'em the *Buckhorse hats*, and you'll sell a *million* a-day, by G—d!"

At a time when the Brighton Banks were in a tottering state, and when the gentlemen of the neighbourhood were subscribing towards their support, our horse-dealer was determined not to be behind-hand in displaying his muni-

ficence. Accordingly, he called at one of these money-shops, where he kept an account, and said, "I am wery sorry, gen'lemen, to see such a *conquest** o' people about your doors: I had such a *contrast*† in squeedging my way through, you can't think. Vy don't ye read the riot hact, and send for a couple o' hofficers to have them 'ere scamps put in the cage?"

"We have neither the wish nor the power to do that, Mr. Buckhorse," replied one of the partners.

"And vy not," returned the horse-dealer. "But, never mind:—I'll hextricate you from all your difficulties: I means to support the 'ouse. How much money do ye want, my boys?"

"We are greatly obliged to you, Mr. Buckhorse; whatever sum you please," said one of the gentlemen, producing a book, which he placed on the desk before him, and at the same time offering him a pen.

"Never mind writing, my dear fellor," returned Buckhorse; "only say the word: how much do ye want?"

* Concourse. † Contest.

"I beg, Sir, to leave that to your goodness," replied the Banker, again offering him the pen; "our friends write their names in this book, and put the sum which they propose to accommodate us with,—in case we should require assistance,—in the column opposite."

"Wery good plan, Mister Thingumy—wery good plan," returned the horse-dealer: "but, d'ye see, since I had the rheumatise so bad, I can't write a line, bless you. Do you put my name down: it 's all the same, you know."

"With pleasure, Mr. Buckhorse," replied the Banker: "how much shall I say, Sir?"

"Put me down for a *million!*" answered the horse-dealer, slapping the Banker violently on the back.

"A what?" exclaimed the latter, starting with amazement, and rubbing his shoulder which smarted with the blow, at the same time that his countenance betokened both pain and displeasure at this rude mode of having a favour conferred upon him—"a what?" he again exclaimed.

"Why, a *million*, to be sure, my boy," returned Buckhorse: "don't I speak plain Henglish?—Ah, I thought I'd surprize you;—but never mind—I 'll prop you up—I 'll support you through thick and thin."

The partners, who were well aware of his character, could not help smiling at the horse-dealer's vanity and boasted patronage. At length one of them said: "Mr. Buckhorse, we are greatly obliged to you; but a sum far short of a *million* will be quite sufficient; for, thanks to our friends, we are well backed, and can have any sum we may want at the shortest notice: but, in keeping this book open for signature, we are more anxious to give our friends an opportunity of showing their good will, than from any idea that we shall be compelled to trouble them. Now, if you will be good enough to look over this list, you will see the several sums which our friends have subscribed."

"Do *you* read it, my dear fellor—do you read it," said Buckhorse.—"I left my spectikles at home, and I can't read a vord vithout 'em."

"Nor with 'em, you illiterate dog!" whispered the first partner, still rubbing his shoulder.

The Banker now began to read, and when he came to the name of Sir John Shelley, Buckhorse exclaimed, "Ah! how much did he give? I'll beat 'im, hany 'ow."

"Sir John is down for 300*l.* Sir," replied the Banker.

"Vell, put me down 350*l.*; I should like to know vhat Sir John vill say to that," said Buckhorse, giving the other partner a hearty slap over the nape of the neck, which brought his nose down into the ink-stand,—against the leaden rim of which his forehead was considerably bruised.

The Banker, raising his head, appeared like the knight of the rueful countenance. He drew his handkerchief from his pocket to wipe off the ink, and was about to expostulate with Buckhorse, when the latter begged pardon, saying it was all '*haccident*' and that he was '*wery sorry.*'

This apology was of course accepted; and the head partner, having wiped the mark of Cain from his forehead, though he wished the

horse-dealer at the devil, invited him, with several other friends who had called on the same errand, to dinner. Buckhorse was nothing loth; and, as was his custom on such occasions, he had, as he himself elegantly expressed it, "*a regular blow out.*"

During this repast, and whilst swallowing bumper after bumper, he gave the Banker repeated assurances of farther support; but alternated his munificent promises with frequent annoying questions as to the state of their affairs, and whether "Mr. Thingumy thought he would be able to stand the *run*?"

The Banker was of course heartily tired with the impertinence of his guest; and, though by no means communicative, at length became so testy, that Buckhorse suspected a bankruptcy. He had sufficient cunning, however, to conceal his suspicion; but, just as he was about to depart, what was the Banker's surprise to hear him demand *gold* for some notes of the firm, amounting to forty-six pounds!

"Gold! my good Sir," echoed the money-changer, who most likely had not half that

number of sovereigns in his house.—"Why, Mr. Buckhorse, I thought you meant to support us?"

"So I do, my dear fellor; and I 'll put down my name for *ten millions*, if you want 'em," replied the horse-dealer. "But you see, Mr. Thingumy, my neighbours are the most suspiciousest set of rascals under the canipup of heaven, and not one of 'em, by G—d! will take a Brighton note; so ye see, them 'ere flimsies o' yours an't worth twopence; more peticlary, as I have to pay on the nail for some hay and corn for the 'osses, besides a longish bill for 'potticary's stuff and gin for Missus. —But I tell ye what, I von't be 'ard; gi'e me Bank-of-Englanders: I 'm blowed if the scamps dare refuse them, any how; b——st 'em!"

In order to put an end to this disagreeable palaver, the Banker was compelled to untie a parcel of notes just received from Threadneedle-street, and he exchanged some of them for his own, with as good grace as the desire of not offending a rich customer enabled him to assume.

But what was his astonishment, and how great his vexation, when his cunning guest, the next day, accompanied by his partner Jobson, drew out of the Bank a balance which he had there of 1500*l*! saying, he was "wery sorry to disappint their hexpectations," and that, although he should be happy to lend them "*millions upon millions*, it vas necessary to be circumspectious; for he vas afeard they could not stand their ground."

"There is your balance, Mr. Buckhorse," said his host of yesterday, counting out, and indignantly handing over 1500*l*. in Bank notes—"there is your balance, Sir—count it."

"Vell! if I didn't alvays say as you were a good honest fellor, after all," returned the horse-dealer. "I vonder vhat the scamps means by saying that 'you'r a goin'.—I tell you vhat, Mister Thinguniy, I don't vish to put you to hinconveenence, because I bean't in *haxyal* (actual) vant o' the *stuff*, but ye see, if so be——"

"Very well, Sir," interrupted the Banker, highly piqued, "you are welcome to leave the cash, if you please, or to take it with you; just as you like.—I have no objection to enter it again in the book."

"Wery well," returned Buckhorse; "if so be as you can gi'e me hundeceptional s'curity in these here dangerous times, vy, d' ye see, I 've no hobjection to leave the flimsies wi' ye."

"You be d—d!" replied the Banker, amidst a roar of laughter among the customers at the counter.

"Oh, wery well!" returned Buckhorse; "as ye're so saucy, vy, d' ye see, I von't leave 'em at all: so, good morning to ye, Mr. Thingumbob!"

"Good morning, Sir," returned the irritated Banker; "I hope never to see your face in my office again."

"Hookey!" replied Buckhorse, turning round and placing his forefinger significantly on his nose, "I doesn't mean it; if you catches me in this here shop again, call me donkey, that 's all. —I 've no notion o' your himpert'nence, Mister Vipper-snapper."

Away he went, but returned in about ten minutes, saying, "Vell now, Mr. Thingumbob, I dare say as how you thinks me a hoaf, but I means to show you that I an't no such thing.

What 's the use o' these here *screens** o' yours? nobody 'll take 'em, so you must 'ave 'em back, they 're no use to nobody."

"What do you mean, Mr. Buckhorse, by pestering us in this manner, when you see us so busy?" demanded the Banker.

"Vy I 'm wery glad to see ye so busy, Mister Thingumy, and long continivance to it," replied Buckhorse, sneeringly, as he looked towards the crowd who were elbowing their way into the office. "But first come first sarved, all over the world, you know; so, ye see, as ye 're so obstropolous, I vants *Englanders* for these here."

"Then you must wait," returned the Banker, bouncing to the other end of the counter.

"Vell!—if I han't 'stonished at your himprence," exclaimed Buckhorse; "but it shows your broughtins up, any how; and I must compute it to your hignorance.—Ah! you may laugh, my worthies," (addressing the gentlemen who stood in the shop to give the proprietors countenance, by offering bank of England notes

* Cant word for Bank-notes.

in exchange for those of the firm,) "but you 'll see the end on 't afore long. Only just look at the hingratitude o' them 'ere chaps for me keeping 'em out o' their troubles: warn't I yesterday all of a prespiration wi' squeedging and scroudging through them 'ere hoceans o' customers o' theirs—and all for what? vhy, to put my name down in that 'ere book for three-hundred-and-fifty pound, b——st 'em!"

"And you are welcome to take your name out as soon as you please," replied one of the partners, highly nettled; at the same time seizing up the book, and drawing his pen through Buckhorse's name; "there, Sir," he continued, "we don't want your assistance."

"Don't ye," returned the horse-dealer; "vell then, gi' me the Englanders for this here paper o' your's, and see if ever I take one o' your screens again:—that I von't, never no more, as sure as my name's Jem Buckhorse!"

"You must wait your turn, Sir," replied the Banker.

"And 'ow long must I vait, pray?" inquired Buckhorse.

"Can't say, perhaps two hours," returned the money-changer.

"Two hours!" exclaimed the horse-dealer, "vy, you humbug, vhat do you mean by that 'ere hinsofence?—Oh! I see as how it 's all a manoover, a reg'lar do;—but I von't stand no nonsense from ne'er a screen malefactor in the 'nited kingdoms o' France or Hireland, nor of Hingland to boot. I only axes for my own, and my own I 'll 'ave, or I 'll know for why."

"You are very troublesome, Sir," observed the Banker; "and, if you cannot hold your peace, I must send for a constable."

"Vill you, by G–d? I should like to see that 'ere. I axes you civilly afore these yere suspectible vitnesses, and in the name o' his majesty King George and the Parliament, vither you intends immedately, and vithout no more ado, to gi' me Lunnun notes for these here rags o' your's,—every von on 'em? If ye don't, I 'll sarve ye wi' a *sassarara*,* and have ye *ar-*

* Writ of Certiorari.

*ranged** and parsecuted according to law, that's all."

The *friends of the house* who stood by, although nearly convulsed with laughter, now interfered: they had all along endeavoured to mollify him by whispers, and tried to smooth down his irascibility; but at length they saw it was high time to stop the current of his dangerous abuse, by offering to exchange the paper.

"Come, come, Mr. Buckhorse," said one of these gentlemen, "there is no use in being so furious; as you seem to be in a hurry, and as the bankers are too busy to attend to you, I don't mind accommodating you with a hundred pounds myself."

"And I 'll do a couple of hundreds more," said another.

"I don't mind changing three hundred," said a third.

"Vill you, by G–d?" exclaimed Buckhorse. "Upon my soul, gen'lemen, I 'm wery much

* Arraigned.

obliged to you:"—and having effected the exchange, he added, "I vish ye joy on 'em, gen'lemen, and vould advise ye to get rid of 'em as soon as ye can; for by G—, I vouldn't give a farden a bushel for 'em!"

This last hit was so intolerable, that to prevent farther annoyance, the head partner neglected every other person to attend to Buckhorse; to whom, with a most angry frown, he counted out the requisite number of Bank of England notes. The latter pocketed the cash with the greatest *sang-froid;* and as he was elbowing his way out, exclaimed to the crowd, "That 's your sort, my hearties; change your flimsies as fast as you can: they have lots of Englanders,—I 've got mine, howsomever: so the Devil take the hindmost."

But, alas! poor Buckhorse did not bear off the palm so triumphantly as he expected. In passing through the crowd, to whom he thus foolishly gave information respecting his treasure, his pocket was picked of his favourite *Englanders*; which he was never able to recover: for, being ignorant of the numbers, his blunder-

ing vanity and overbearing insolence, of course, prevented the irritated bankers from affording him the least assistance in tracing them.

The above-mentioned loss preyed heavily on the mind of Buckhorse for a long time; but at the period of its occurrence, his health, which was before but indifferent, became so sensibly affected, that he took to his bed, and after a few days made up his mind that he should die. Accordingly, he sent for the clergyman of his parish, (although he had never been in the habit of going to church, nor of attending to religious duties of any sort,) and wished to have the sacrament administered to him; thinking that this would not only be a panacea for all his sins, but likewise a passport into Heaven!

After a few preliminary compliments, the clergyman said to him, "Well, Mr. Buckhorse, I hope you have *set your house in order* previous to receiving the sacrament of the Lord's Supper."

"Vhy, that is true, parson," replied the sick

man; "the 'ouse is no great shakes, and as to horder, every thing is topsy-turvy since I took to my bed; b—st both missus and maid, say I; but if I only get up and about, see how I 'll sarve 'em out!" Then, elevating his voice, he cried aloud to the servant, "Nanny, you d—d dirty b—h! call your missus down, and clear the 'ouse up, both o' ye; I 'll be d—d if the wery parson doesn't see that it's hout of order."

The clergyman, seeing that the invalid was not in a fit state for receiving the holy sacrament, explained to him the nature of the rite, and having conjured him to give up profane swearing, &c., and to think of a future state, bade him good morning, saying he would call again when his mind was more composed.

Buckhorse replied, "Wery well, good bye, my dear Sir, God Almighty bless you!—next time you come I shall have the whole 'ouse scoured down from top to bottom!"

XIV.

ROGER WILBRAHAM AND SIR PHILIP FRANCIS.

THE late Sir Philip Francis, who, during many years of his life, was a member of the House of Commons, spoke on all questions of importance on the side of Opposition. He was the convivial companion of Fox, and, during the short administration of that statesman, was made a Knight of the Bath.

Roger Wilbraham, who was also on the same side, came up one evening to the whist table, at Brookes's, where Sir Philip, who for the first time wore the ribbon of the order, was seriously engaged in the middle of a rubber; and thus accosted him.

Laying hold of the ribbon, and examining it for some time before he spoke, he said: "So

this is the way they have rewarded you at last; they have given you a little bit of red ribbon for your services, Sir Philip, have they? A pretty bit of red ribbon to hang about your neck;—and that satisfies you, does it? Now I wonder what I shall have.—What do you think they will give me, Sir Philip?"

The newly-made Knight, who had twenty-five guineas depending on the rubber, and who was not very well pleased at the interruption, suddenly turned round, and casting on him a ferocious look, exclaimed, "A halter, and be d—d to you!"

XV.

FIGHTING FITZGERALD. (CONTINUED.)

As some farther* account of this extraordinary and wayward individual may not be unacceptable to the reader, he is here presented with a short sketch of the principal actions of his life.

George Robert Fitzgerald was the eldest son of Mr. Fitzgerald, of Rockfield, near Castlebar, in Ireland, by Lady Mary Hervey, sister to the Earl of Bristol. He was educated at Eton, and at Trinity College, Dublin; and his knowledge of the classics, and other branches of polite literature, was pretty much on a par with that of other

* This account should have been printed before, see page 45, but was mislaid until the intermediate sheets were worked off. ED.

young gentlemen of his age and period. That his talents were above contempt, may be seen by a poem entitled "*The Riddle,*" inscribed by him to Lord Earlsfort, afterwards Lord Chief Justice of the King's Bench, in Ireland.

Whilst at Trinity College, where duelling was so common that an *affair of honour* of some sort generally preceded Morning Prayers, it will be supposed that a man of Fitzgerald's disposition could not long avoid having a finger in the pie;—this supposition, however, would not be strictly correct; for, although he engaged in various quarrels with his fellow-students, and was once saved from death by a particular friend of the writer, who wrested the sword from the hand of his powerful antagonist, (the famous Buck English,) as he was about to plunge it in his back, after a hard chase, and at a most unfair advantage,—for Fitzgerald was unarmed;—still these quarrels were not of his own seeking, and it was not until a few years afterwards that his duelling propensities burst forth so luxuriantly.

Being compelled, according to the universal

custom of Irish gentlemen of that period, to send a challenge to a person of the name of Swords, for a very slight offence in a public assembly, the latter gentleman, by the first discharge of his pistol, shot off a part of Fitzgerald's skull, and materially injured the fore part of his brain. The consequence was delirium for a considerable time; but those who knew him intimately, are of opinion that he was affected by a certain aberration of intellect until the day of his death; for, from the period of this wound, he became hot-headed, insolent, quarrelsome, *cunning*, and ferocious. Let modern phrenologists account for these phenomena as they can.

The next rencontre in which he was engaged was in the town of Galway, where he was with his regiment, having just been raised to the rank of Captain of Dragoons. He one day espied a pretty girl seated behind the counter of a tobacconist's shop in that town, and under pretence of buying snuff, got into conversation with her. Whilst she was delivering his box to him, our hero seized her by the arm and

ravished a kiss. He was proceeding to farther liberties, when a tall, stout man, who had witnessed the whole transaction from his own shop on the other side of the street, entered and arrested his arm as he was pulling off the young woman's handkerchief.

"Hollo! ye villain of the world!" exclaimed the man, "that little girl is my own property, for I'm betrothed to her these five weeks; and if any d—d raskal daurs to lay a finger on her, he shall fight me without any delay at all."

"That is not so certain!" replied Fitzgerald, eyeing his athletic opponent; "I am a Captain in His Majesty's service; therefore, if I *had* given you offence, it is beneath the dignity of a gentleman to fight with a common shopkeeper, which I take you to be; therefore, I shall wish you good morning!"

"Oh! by J—s! shopkeeper here, or jontleman there!" returned the man, "that won't save ye, my darling. My name is Cornailius O'Brien; I'm a leather-cutthur by thrade; and I'll have satisfaction this minute, or I'll brake every bone in yer skin. So now, my

dear," continued he, as he shut the door, and placed his back against it, "ye'll just be plaised to tell me yer good-looking name?"

"I am Captain Fitzgerald, Sir, and I desire you instantly to open that door."

"Captain Fitzgerald, or Captain Divil," replied O'Brien, "I'll not do that same until ye promise to gi'e me satisfaction."

"Upon my honour! Sir," returned Fitzgerald, "I meant no affront either to you or the lady; and if I have done so, I am sorry for it."

"By J—s! then, my dear," said Cornelius, "ye convince me that ye have no honour at all, at all; for didn't I see ye ill-thrate the darling, with my own eyes? therefore, as ye have tould me a d—d lie, why, d'ye see, I'll make ye conform to the rules of the little county Galway, by fighting me directly; for I won't take yer promise to give me satisfaction, at no price."

Fitzgerald, seeing that there was no alternative, set his invention to work how he should overcome the leather-cutter, or come off unhurt. Accordingly, having adjourned to a

room above-stairs, he received a pistol from his opponent. Having tossed up for the first shot, which fell to O'Brien, the latter seated himself across a table, and levelled his pistol so exactly at Fitzgerald's head, that there appeared little chance of his escaping instant death.

Watching his opportunity, therefore, when the tradesman was drawing the trigger, Captain Fitzgerald, at that instant, roared out "*boh!*" and the ball passed over his head into the ceiling. It was now Fitzgerald's turn, but he declined firing, on condition that O'Brien should ask his pardon; which, after some hesitation, he agreed to do before the *young lady* in the shop, who had all this time been quivering with terror at the probable result of a duel so singularly conducted.

Captain Fitzgerald soon afterwards married a Miss Conolly, sister to the member for Londonderry, and cousin-german to the Duke of Leinster, and received with her a fortune of ten thousand pounds; his father at the same time executing a deed of settlement, by which he was to pay him a thousand pounds a-year;

but as this annuity was paid very irregularly, or rather not at all, it became a bone of contention between father and son, and was ultimately the cause of Fitzgerald's ignominious death.

Soon after his marriage, he left his native country, and resided in various parts of France and England, for about ten years, during which time he led a life of dissipation and gambling, and fell into innumerable scrapes,—a specimen of which we have already given,—and from which he generally escaped with reputation to his *valour*, but to his disgrace as a member of society.

He became at length absolutely notorious, from certain disgraceful circumstances which arose out of an adventure at Vauxhall, in the summer of 1773. He had gone thither with the Honourable Mr. (afterwards Lord) Lyttleton, a Captain Croftes, and several others, all of whom being inebriated with wine, conducted themselves in a very insolent and unbecoming manner.

In the course of their perambulations round the gardens, they met a party of ladies, under

the protection of the well-known Rev. Henry Bate, (afterwards Sir H. B. Dudley,) the proprietor and editor of the Morning Post newspaper. Our heroes commenced the attack, by leering, laughing aloud, and making impertinent remarks *at* the ladies; one of whom, Mrs. Hartley the actress, being put completely out of countenance by the impudent stare of Fitzgerald, burst into tears. This was too much, and it very naturally called down upon him and his companions the severe reprehensions of Mr. Bate, who designated their conduct as most unmanly and ungentlemanlike. A reply followed of course; and this was succeeded by a most unhandsome retort from Captain Croftes, who made a very indecent and unjust remark on the reverend gentleman, in allusion to Mrs. Hartley.

Mr. Bate, who was highly irritated, now struck Croftes a violent blow, which was of course returned; but the Parson was more than a match for the Captain at fisty-cuffs, and would, no doubt, have given his antagonist a sound thrashing, had not the screams of the

ladies, and the blustering and noise of the *gentlemen*, called around the combatants a host of persons eager to witness the fray. Fitzgerald, seeing that his friend had the worst of it, at length interposed; suggesting that mutual satisfaction might be given and received in another place, and in a more agreeable manner to both parties, than before so many spectators. This advice was adopted, and cards were exchanged.

The belligerent parties met at the Cocoa-Tree, next morning, according to appointment, for the determination of their quarrel; which very soon, by the interposition of friends, was happily adjusted;—apologies being made on both sides.

At the very instant, however, that Bate and Croftes were reconciled, and were shaking hands, Fitzgerald strode into the room, and, in a very rude and insolent manner, demanded that the former should give immediate satisfaction to a *Captain Miles*, his friend, who, he said, had been grossly insulted by the clergyman the evening before.

Miles was now introduced, and a violent altercation arose between Bate and Fitzgerald; the former declaring that he did not recollect ever seeing Captain Miles's face before, and that therefore he could not have in any way offended him; whilst the latter declared, *upon his honour*, that he himself had witnessed the alleged affront to *Captain Miles*, and therefore, as his friend, insisted on the satisfaction of one *gentleman* to *another*. Miles backed this declaration upon *his* honour, and (as preconcerted between him and Fitzgerald) swore a tremendous oath, that if Mr. Bate did not immediately strip and *box* with him, he (Miles) would post him for a coward, and cane him handsomely wherever he met with him.

The parson was thunderstruck; and, though one of the *fancy* of his day, he for a time urged the vulgarity of the proposed exhibition; saying that, "Although he was by no means afraid of the issue, he did not choose to fight in any way unbecoming a gentleman:" adding, "that that, *for one of his cloth*, was bad enough in the opinion of the public; but having no de-

sire to flinch, he was ready to meet Captain Miles, either with sword or pistol, whenever and wherever he chose to appoint."

This proposition, however reasonable, was by no means satisfactory, either to *Captain Miles* or to the *honourable* Mr. Fitzgerald,—for they had a particular object in view, and they both insisted on their first demand;—the former declaring that he was inexorable on the point of pugilism, and repeating his former threat of personal chastisement.

The parson was puzzled how to act, until Miles at length said something about cowardice, which he could not stomach; therefore, to prevent Fitzgerald, Lyttleton, &c., from enjoying a triumph at his expense, Mr. Bate consented to encounter the redoubted *Captain* immediately, and on his own terms. A ring was accordingly formed, the combatants stripped, and Fitzgerald exulted in the prospect of seeing Bate soundly thrashed. But he reckoned without his host: for, in less than fifteen minutes, the parson beat the *Captain* almost to a jelly.

The latter having at length cried *peccavi* to

Mr. Bate's repeated question, of "Have you had sufficient satisfaction?" the poor devil was taken away half dead, his eyes being so closed that he could not see his way home.

Here the matter rested for the present; but, in a few days afterwards, it was discovered that *Captain* Miles was no less a personage than Fitzgerald's own footman, whom (being an athletic fellow and an expert pugilist) his master had dressed up in military style, and dubbed an officer, and gentleman, for the purpose of *punishing* and disgracing the parson!

Mr. Bate now very properly exposed the whole affair to the public, in the Morning Post: designating the conduct of the parties privy to the affair as most infamous. This produced recriminatory letters in all the other newspapers; but the public were unanimously of opinion that our heroes had entirely degraded themselves from the rank of gentlemen. Croftes was deprived of his commission as an officer; Mr. Lyttleton, after being shunned by his companions for some time, at length made the *amende honorable*, and was again received into

society; but Fitzgerald, though he published a a sort of bastard apology, was universally condemned, not only by the gentlemen of the army, but by all ranks, and in all companies.

One gentleman, Captain Scawen, of the Guards, reprobated his conduct in such severe terms, that, to prevent himself being shunned by the whole of his friends and associates, Fitzgerald thought it necessary *to call him out*, or bully him into an apology. Meeting him, therefore, at the Cocoa-Tree, he demanded, in a swaggering and ferocious manner, "Whether Captain Scawen had ever dared to take liberties with his name and character?"

"Liberties, Sir," answered the Captain; "no *liberties* can be taken with that which is already infamous. I avow having reprobated your conduct, which is degrading to a gentleman; and I shall continue to do so until you make due amends to Mr. Bate for the insult you have so unworthily cast upon him."

Fitzgerald was enraged beyond measure, and challenged Scawen, on the spot, to fight with swords; the latter, however, being aware of

Fitzgerald's *reputed* superiority over himself and others in the use of that weapon, declined this mode of settling the dispute; but offered to fight him with pistols wherever he pleased. To this, Fitzgerald's *brave* spirit would not accede; though, according to the etiquette of all modern *duellos*, the challenged person invariably has the choice of weapons.

In refusing his consent, however, to so fair and so proper an alternative, our hero chose to add some very insulting expressions, which induced Captain Scawen to *cane him* soundly round the coffee-room. The consequence was eternal disgrace, or immediate consent to meet his opponent on his own ground. He chose the latter; and the parties set out in a few days for Flanders, with their surgeons and seconds.

They first met at Lisle, according to Fitzgerald's appointment, and all matters relating to the duel being adjusted, they arrived on the ground, in the Austrian territory, on the first day of September.—In describing this extraordinary *rencontre*, we cannot do better than make use of the words of Captain Fagan, Fitz-

gerald's second, as they appeared in one of the prints of the period :—

"When the gentlemen came to the ground, which was in the Queen's country, between Pont-au-Tressin and Tournay, Mr. Fitzgerald loaded his pistols; and Captain Nugent of the Guards, Mr. Scawen's second, assisted the latter to load his. It was agreed that the distance should be *ten steps*, which was measured by the seconds; and the choice of places was determined by throwing up a piece of money, by which it fell upon Mr. Scawen.

"The principals then took their ground, and the seconds retired. Captain Scawen asked Mr. Fitzgerald if he would fire *first;* which proposition he *accepted*, and immediately discharged his pistol: the ball passed under Mr. Scawen's chin. Mr. Scawen then presented and levelled *his* pistol; but *Mr. Fitzgerald, in bringing his* SECOND *pistol to a level,* ACCIDENTALLY *discharged it before Mr. Scawen had fired off his:*—upon which Mr. Scawen said, 'Mr. Fitzgerald, you have fired your *second pistol!*' To which, Mr. Fitzgerald re-

plied, 'It is true, Sir; but I assure you it was merely accidental, and I ask your pardon for it.' And then, advancing a pace or two towards Mr. Scawen, Mr. Fitzgerald added, 'You have both your pistols, Sir; I desire you will fire them, and we will both load again.'*

* This part of Fagan's account was positively contradicted by Captains Nugent and Pigott, who published *another* account, of which the following is an extract:—"Mr. Scawen, in going to his ground, asked Mr. Fitzgerald if he chose to fire first? who replied, "it was a matter of indifference to him:" but altering his *opinion*, said, "he would take the *first shot*;"—to which Mr. Scawen readily assented. Mr. Fitzgerald then presented his pistol, and fired: the shot seemed to pass very near Mr. Scawen. After Mr. Fitzgerald had fired his first pistol, he took hold of the other, and stood with it in the attitude of *presenting*, to receive Mr. Scawen's fire. Mr Scawen then presented his pistol; but *before he could pull the trigger*, was surprised at the report of Mr. Fitzgerald's *second* pistol. On this, Mr. Scawen immediately recovered his; telling Mr. Fitzgerald, at the same time, 'that as both his pistols were discharged, *he could not think of firing at him,' and instantly discharged his in the air.* Mr. Fitzgerald replied, "I assure you, I did not mean it; my pistol went off by accident: but I'LL LOAD AGAIN!!!" The seconds and surgeons here interposed, &c. &c.

"Mr. Scawen then said, 'Sir, it makes no difference; *I am glad it happened so;*' and immediately came up to Mr. Fitzgerald, and addressing himself to him, told him, 'if he had said any thing *disrespectful* (!) against him, it must have been when he was disordered with liquor; *and he was extremely sorry for it.*' Then, taking a cane out of one of the surgeons' hands, he delivered it to Mr. Fitzgerald, who very lightly laid it on Mr. Scawen's shoulders: and afterwards told Mr. Scawen, 'that he was very sorry for what he had said of him, as he now behaved like a *gentleman!*'

"The gentlemen then shook hands, went and spent the evening together, and parted *perfectly reconciled!*"

Thus ended this curious affair, which made a great noise at the time. How Scawen could have been reconciled, or *spend the evening* with, but, above all things, *make an apology to*, a man who had behaved so ill, and who had, moreover, taken such a *murdering advantage* of him on the field of battle, is unaccountable: it certainly

shows to what a daring pitch Fitzgerald could go; and proves the *dread* (?) in which his name was universally held. But this sort of advantage was not new to our hero: on a previous occasion of the same sort (the particulars of which the writer does not well recollect) Fitzgerald *shot his antagonist through the head*, without notice or warning, the instant the unfortunate man took his ground!

By this time Fitzgerald's money and character being nearly gone, death withdrew his wife from a more protracted view of the extravagancies and mad quarrels which arose out of his constant attendance at the gaming table; she left him a daughter, the only fruit of their union. His finances were now in that state of fluctuation and uncertainty which his *skill* in gambling, or the chance of the die, invariably gives rise to in the condition of all professed votaries of the *black art*; for his remittances from Ireland were very uncertain, and very small. He was literally a *black-leg*, and many quarrels grew out of his unblushing attempts at

pillaging the unwary. When a *pigeon* was entrapped, his associates pounced upon him; and if he resisted *plucking* to the last feather, Fitzgerald was at hand, as the champion of the gang, to frighten their victim into submission. This he did, generally, by his insolent air and overbearing manner, but more frequently by his very *name*.

Being engaged in an affair of this sort with a gentleman named Walker, a young cornet of the light dragoons, several angry pamphlets passed between them, among which was one entitled "An Appeal to the Jockey Club," by Fitzgerald, in which he made the following boast of his dexterity in the art of duelling:— "I know," said he, "from trials successively repeated, twenty times, one after another, that I can, at the distance of six paces, hit any part of the human body, to a *line*, which Mr. Walker may *possibly* know is only the twelfth part of an inch." In another part of this pamphlet were the following words: "As to good qualities, some I have, perhaps, though few in number;

this, however, I can say for myself,—*no man can impeach my courage in the field, my honour on the turf, or my credit on the Royal Exchange!!!*"

In his paper warfare, Fitzgerald generally called in the assistance of a brother gamester, named Timothy Brecknock. This man had been well educated, but a *faux pas* in his youth had compelled him to go into voluntary exile. Returning from the Continent on his father's death, he commenced the life of a man of *ton*, and figured as such for several years, both in Bath and London. But his fortune being dilapidated by gambling, approaching poverty urged him to levy with interest upon other victims those pecuniary mulcts which he himself had *contributed* during his own noviciate.

Brecknock, moreover, commenced the study of the law, in which he made some progress, and became a member of Lincoln's Inn. There are several remarkable stories told of his ingenuity at quibble and fraud, in the few cases which were committed to his care. Something of this kind coming to light, he was again com-

pelled to quit the kingdom. On his return, after an absence of several years, his tricks were so well remembered, that he had little opportunity of practice in the legal profession. He accordingly commenced author *; in which capacity, as well as at the gaming-table, he was useful to Fitzgerald, until the machinations of the one, joined to the ferocity of the other, caused the ultimate ruin and untimely end of both.

* Tim. Brecknock was by no means contemptible as a writer. He published several poems and political tracts; and, for several years, wrote in one of the London Journals, under the name of "*Attorney-General to the Gazetteer.*" In 1764, he published a pamphlet entitled '*Droit de Roi,*' which being denounced in the House of Lords, as favouring arbitrary principles, was ordered to be burnt by the common hangman! Tim. kept up the notoriety which this affair conferred on him, by turning *common informer;* which *reputable* calling he commenced some time in 1762, by laying information against the Judges of the land *for wearing cambric!* He was particularly well acquainted with almost all the ancient laws; and made much profit by dragging from their musty holes many an obsolete act, which remained unrepealed because overlooked, and because the necessity for enforcing them had long since ceased.

His

Notwithstanding Brecknock's multitudinous avocations, he was rather out at elbows about the year 1775; and Fitzgerald being in a plight very little better, it was agreed on between them, as Timothy was a man cunning in the law, to go to Ireland and to bring old Mr. Fitzgerald to account for the irregularity of his remittances to his *affectionate* and *dutiful son*. They considered, likewise, that as

His boldness of manner and quick decision, joined to the above-mentioned kind of knowledge, served greatly to ingratiate him with his clients, and with others who had business with him; for those whom his demonstrations did not convince, he took care to *bully* into acquiescence. He was retained, for the Portuguese Charge des Affaires, in some transaction with Lord Shelburne, (Secretary of State,) about the year 1766, and tried the effect of intimidation in the following manner:—Being unable to persuade or argue the Earl into the wished-for measure, he gravely leaned on his hand, and looked him stedfastly in the face, saying, "*I shall never leave, nor lose sight of you, until I bring your head to the block!*" The Secretary, of course, ordered him to be turned out of his office; but, considering that the man who could have the audacity to make such a speech, had the talent of being *useful*, afterwards employed him in some secret services.

the characters of both were worn rather threadbare, it might be no bad speculation to try a *reviver* on them upon a new stage.

This pair of worthies accordingly set out, and on their arrival in Dublin commenced a Chancery suit against Fitzgerald's father; and whilst it was carrying on, they took care not to lose an atom of the reputation which they had so industriously earned in England. At length, in 1780, Fitzgerald obtained a decree for arrears of the annuity, and went to take possession of the whole of his father's estate to satisfy the demand. In doing this, however, great violence was committed by himself and his partizans, who had many conflicts with the tenantry, which compelled the father in his turn to sue for legal redress.

Fitzgerald, junr. was accordingly indicted for a riot, found guilty, and sentenced to imprisonment for three years. His active mind, however, would not bear enthralment; for, although every precaution was taken, he forcibly effected his escape from the gaol, and

went home to Rockfield, where he erected a battery of several pieces of ordnance:—these were placed on a mount overlooking the road. This, with other corresponding warlike preparations, alarmed the Government, who at length sent a regiment of horse, with a train of artillery, to dislodge the offenders. On their approach, Fitzgerald and his Guerillas took to flight, and concealed themselves in the mountains for some time.

In the mean time, sentence of outlawry having been passed on him, and a reward of 300*l.* offered for his apprehension, Fitzgerald could not well brook the restraint under which he lay in his concealment: accordingly, "with a chosen band," and in the middle of the night, he marched to Turlough, where his father resided, (having been deprived of the seat of his ancestors,) and forcibly took him prisoner. The old man being placed in a post-chaise, a strong guard was placed around him; and in this manner was he led in triumph all through the country, until their arrival in Dublin, where he soon died of a broken heart. Fitzgerald him-

self was soon afterwards captured, and safely lodged in the prison of Dublin, where he remained for some time; but he had art or interest enough, at length, to procure a pardon from Earl Temple, then Lord Lieutenant.

He now resided for some time in and near Dublin, where his ferocious manners kept all respectable persons at a respectful distance from him. Even in walking the streets, people were afraid to come in contact with him, fearful of giving offence to, or of incurring the resentful notice of, so untameable an animal, either by thought, word, or deed. Many, when they saw him approach them, used actually to cross to the opposite pavement, in order to avoid him: but this too, whenever he observed it, was construed into offence; for he would follow the renegadoes and demand *satisfaction!* which, of course, he generally received in the shape of apology, for no denial of intentional affront was of the least avail. Unfortunately, the city of Dublin presented so many duelling exhibitions at this period, as to give countenance to

Fitzgerald's ireful disposition and quarrelsome habits.

His country neighbours (that is, the gentlemen in the vicinity of Dublin, where he rented a house and grounds) avoided coming in contact with him, as much as Irish hospitality would permit. Many of them certainly invited him to their houses; but being obliged to be obsequious, and to be on the *qui vive* in removing impressions of fancied offence, his company was generally very irksome. One of them however, a retired officer, named Boulton, would on no account invite him to his mansion, or associate with him in any way: even Fitzgerald's invitations to his own house were declined on the plea of indisposition, &c. Our hero was anxious to pick a quarrel; but he was puzzled how to begin: at length, his invention, always fertile in mischief, suggested the idea of going upon the Captain's grounds, to shoot without leave.

Accordingly, he set out for Brackenstown, attended by his servant; entered the preserve, and commenced killing the game in grand style.

The steward soon came up to them and commenced a remonstrative oration; but Fitzgerald immediately put him to flight, by presenting his gun at his head; and the poor fellow escaped only by a miracle, for the ball whizzed by his ear as he was in the act of darting through the hedge. He of course ran for his life, and Fitzgerald followed at a rapid pace, with the other gun, which his servant had just loaded, intending to have despatched him. The man, however, at length found shelter in the mansion; and Fitzgerald determined to wreak his vengeance on the lord of the manor. Coming up the lawn, he commenced a volley of abuse on Captain Boulton, calling on him to come out and give satisfaction for the affront offered by his bailiff: but the Captain not choosing to obey so uncourteous a summons, Fitzgerald fired his piece in at the parlour bow-window! The owner of the mansion still not appearing, this ruffianly conduct was continued as fast as the servant could load and the master discharge the guns, and until the whole of the ammunition was expended; by which time,

there was not a whole pane of glass in the house!

From such audacious inroads on the peace and comforts of civilized life, the neighbouring gentry were at length relieved, by a report which went abroad, that "Fitzgerald had in a fit of passion killed his own gardener, and buried the body somewhere in the grounds." No real proof, certainly, ever came to light which could warrant this allegation in its *fullest* extent; but true it is that the gardener disappeared after a quarrel with his master, and was never afterwards heard of. The report was farther borne out by the departure soon afterwards of Fitzgerald to his hereditary domain, afraid, no doubt, of the strong arm of the law:—and glad enough were the Dublin gentry that he was gone!

We have now to follow him to his stronghold, and throughout the remaining short stage of his existence. Tim. Brecknock still stuck close to his fortunes, and was in fact the evil star which led him to his fate—and Fitzgerald did not require much prompting to gratify his

desire for revenge upon his enemies. A Mr. Macdonnel, an attorney, and sub-sheriff of the county, had, it seems, incurred his high displeasure by interesting himself in the disputes between him and his father; in fact, old Mr. Fitzgerald had employed him as his solicitor in the several disputes with his son. Mr. Macdonnel was now marked out for vengeance; and as he was passing Rockfield one night, between nine and ten o'clock, Fitzgerald, with five or six of his gang, waylaid him, fired upon him, and wounded him severely. For this atrocious attempt at assassination he took his trial at the assizes, and, strange to say, was *acquitted!*

Emboldened by so many escapes, his audacity knew no bounds; for he conceived that the civil authorities were afraid to lay hold of him, or a jury to convict him. An advertisement having appeared, by which Mr. Macdonnel and a numerous body of gentlemen at Castlebar offered a large reward for the discovery of the assassins who had made the above attempt at murder, Fitzgerald was exceeding wroth that,

after *his acquittal*, Macdonnel should presume to make more stir in the matter, and therefore resolved to make a finish of the work which he had begun. In the mean time, poor Macdonnel, whose two arms had been broken by musket-balls on the former occasion, had taken refuge at the house of a Mr. Martin; for he was still afraid of his lawless persecutor, more particularly since his acquittal. A few days after the wounded man had got into his hiding-place, and as two of his friends, Messrs. Gallaghan and Hypson, had just called to inquire after his health, the house was surrounded by a large party of armed men, who, breaking in, bound Mr. Macdonnel and his two friends with cords, and carried them off to Rockfield!

After remaining in Fitzgerald's house for a short time, during which they were treated with every kind of insult and ignominy,—their captor applying to them, and especially to Macdonnel, every vile epithet which he could think of,—the unfortunate victims were led out by a body of armed men into the park.

Mr. Hypson, still bound, being placed against

a tree, half-a-dozen of the villains fired a volley and laid him dead on the spot! Macdonnel and Gallaghan were now ordered to walk a little farther, to the bridge of Kilnecarra, a distance of about sixty yards, when the murderers prepared to complete their bloody work. Poor Macdonnel pointed to his former wounds, and earnestly implored his executioners to spare his life; but in vain! He then held down his head, when *upwards of fifty slugs* passed through his hat and lodged in his head and body: he instantly fell dead! Mr. Gallaghan also received several slugs; but these not being immediately fatal, he was, for some unknown reason, carried back to Fitzgerald's house.

The murderous party had not returned above a few minutes, when Rockfield house was surrounded, in its turn, by the whole of the military, foot and horse, who were quartered at Castlebar; and these were accompanied by the Volunteers of the district, and by immense crowds of people of all ranks. An entrance, after some parley, having been forcibly

effected, the soldiers entered the house and delivered Mr. Gallaghan at the very instant that the desperadoes were going to give him the *coup de grace;* for, as they expected no mercy, they were determined to give none. Several of them were now seized, among whom was Fitzgerald himself, who, after a long and strict search, was discovered locked up in a large chest and covered over with a couple of blankets! This redoubted hero, with as many of his accomplices as were caught that night, were immediately conducted to the gaol of Castlebar.

The succeeding events of this night partook of the same romance and horror which had characterized Fitzgerald's career all along: on this occasion, however, he was a passive performer.

No sooner were the desperadoes, to the number of twenty-six, safely lodged in prison, than popular resentment rose against them to a pitch of madness, unparalleled in almost any other country. This was excited by Fitzgerald's long course of impunity; for the higher and middle ranks, the former especially, saw that if he were

once more at large, there would be no bounds to his ferocity.—Like the inhabitants of an Indian village, who, when they discover that the sanguinary tiger who had for some time infested the vicinity, to the great detriment of their cattle and population, has at length taken up his abode in a jungle,—they rushed upon him, pell-mell, to deprive him of the power of doing farther mischief.

In the middle of the night they broke open the door of the gaol, knocked down the new sub-sheriff, the gaoler, and the centinels; and whilst the main body of the assailants remained below, six *gentlemen* entered Fitzgerald's apartment, and fired upon him as they would on a mad dog. Of five shots, one took effect in his thigh. They then attacked him with swords, and, having disabled his right arm, got him down upon the floor, where one of them battered his head, in so shocking a manner, with a brass candlestick, as to leave him for dead. At this critical moment, a fresh body of troops arrived, and prevented the assailants from taking the farther execution of the law into their

own hand (by putting the rest of the prisoners to death); but they only quitted the principal victim of their rage, when they had assured themselves they had completely effected their bloody purpose with regard to him.

To their great surprise, however, Fitzgerald recovered; and a Special Commission being issued for the trial of the offenders, he and others swore positively to their identity. But, notwithstanding the clearness of proof, and the Attorney-General's laudable endeavour to bring to punishment those turbulent spirits who had dared to assault a prisoner whilst under the protection of the laws, the jury returned a verdict of *not guilty*. They had set their minds against the administration of equal justice in this case; and the attempt to prove an *alibi* enabled them to save their friends—the universal wish being, to get rid of Fitzgerald.

Next day, Fitzgerald himself was put to the bar for procuring Timothy Brecknock and others to murder Messrs. Macdonnel and Hypson. He of course pleaded *not guilty;* but

the evidence of two of his accomplices, on the part of the Crown, was decisive against him. He made a most able defence, in a speech of nearly three hours, in which he displayed a strength of imagination which astonished the whole court; and the degree of composure which he assumed throughout the whole trial, was no less surprising to every one who beheld him. When the verdict of *guilty*, however, was pronounced, the sudden gloom which overspread his countenance evidently showed that he had calculated on an acquittal.

The next day was occupied in the trial of his accomplices, five of whom were found guilty. One of Fitzgerald's counsel now gave notice of a motion in *arrest of judgment*; and the court allowed him two days to consider of it, though no defect was found in the indictment; but when that time arrived, and when Timothy Brecknock had been found *guilty* of aiding and abetting the murderers, the motion was abandoned by the advice of the Chief Baron, who intreated that it might not be made without solid and sufficient grounds, as Fitzgerald must

necessarily be present; and his feelings, which had hitherto been calm and composed, might possibly be deranged. The chief culprit was now brought into court; and after a most affecting exhortation, the judge passed sentence of death on him and Brecknock; at the same time giving orders that execution should take place in a few hours!—This was dreadful: and Fitzgerald deprecated such unusual despatch in the operations of the law, in the following words:—

"My Lords, I humbly hope for the humane indulgence of this court to my present most unhappy situation. I do not mean, my Lords, to take up your time; but I trust that what I shall say will be attended with effect.

"The very short period of time that has elapsed since my conviction, has been taken up in adjusting my temporal affairs; and in truth, my Lords, even these are not perfectly settled: but I now wish to make some preparation, some settlement of peace with Heaven, before I pass into the presence of an all-seeing

and justly offended God, which I am about to do.

" My Lords, you may be led to imagine that I plead for this indulgence of time, in hopeful expectation of obtaining His Majesty's pardon; but, my Lords, I do most solemnly declare that I have no such inducement; for if His Majesty were to offer me his pardon—nay, his crown along with it, I would not accept of either the one or the other. Under the weight of such a verdict against me, it is impossible I could ever look one of the community in the face, or again hold up my head in society.

" Let it not be understood, my Lords, that, by this declaration, I insinuate or infer the smallest degree of censure on the verdict of the jury. No, my Lords; I know them all to be gentlemen of the most fair and irreproachable characters: men not to be biassed, and who could not avoid bringing me in guilty, even if I were their own brother, from the body of evidence that has appeared against me; which evidence, if I had been before acquainted with it,

I should have endeavoured to have had witnesses to repel. But that, my Lords, is not now the matter for consideration:—the only thing I plead for, is *time.*

"It has been said, my Lords, that I want that time to commit an act of *suicide;* but I have too many offences already on my back, and too dreadful crimes to account for, to desire such a miserable passport into eternity."—

In answer to this address, the judge, with tears in his eyes, recapitulated the rigour of the law, and urged, that, the unfortunate gentleman whom he had murdered had been sent into eternity without one minute's warning. He concluded by saying, that after the order for execution had been passed, it was not in the power of the court to interfere.—His request must therefore rest with *the humanity of the sheriff.*

Of the benefits of this *humanity,* however, it was very unlikely that the culprit should taste; for the high sheriff and many other gentlemen saw no security for their own lives

whilst Fitzgerald continued to draw breath Accordingly, about an hour after the court had adjourned, Brecknock and another being drawn, pinioned, in a cart, to the hill of Castlebar, Fitzgerald was brought out of t he gaol He had not changed his dress, and he walked to the place of execution, attended by clergymen, and surrounded by strong detachments of horse and foot. He had previously entreated the sheriff not to allow him to be manacled, or bound with cords; and this was complied with, though unwillingly.

The scaffolding erected before the new gaol, which was then building, was fixed upon as a gallows for Fitzgerald and his companions; for, the authorities were afraid of taking time in the construction of any other. The rope was accordingly fastened round a *flat* board, and the ladder placed under it. As soon as Fitzgerald arrived, he was surrounded by no less than *four* clergymen, each of a different persuasion; and all, of course, anxious for the conversion of so great a sinner. Though terribly hurried in his devotions,—for until sentence was passed he

never thought of such a thing,—the poor fellow contrived, after his arrival, to get through Dr. Dodd's Thoughts in Prison, his Last Prayer, &c., and answered some questions on spiritual subjects as calmly as circumstances would permit;* but he became terribly agitated when the executioner made preparations for pushing him off the ladder. When he perceived this, he earnestly entreated the sheriff to grant him but *five minutes* longer to live; which being granted, he pulled the cap over his face, and resigned himself to silent prayer. Being at length told that the time was elapsing fast, he replied, "Sure, Sir, it is not so long!—Stop! stop! I have just collected myself—for God's sake, let me die in peace!—pray grant me just one min—." Before he had finished this last petition, the executioner threw him off the ladder!—

As if the last scene of this singular man's life

* Perhaps it was intended, that the priests, by their *number*, should in some degree compensate to the criminal, by means of their assiduities for the salvation of his soul, for the rather indecent haste of the civil authorities in the disposal of his body.

was destined to be as singular as any which had preceded it, an accident now occurred which might have harrowed up the feelings of his most inveterate enemies. By the sudden jerk on the sharp edges of the flat board, at the instant of swinging off, the rope broke, and Fitzgerald fell on his shoulder, upon the ground, from a great height. The multitude uttered a cry of horror; but the unfortunate criminal soon recovered himself, and, standing erect, exclaimed, "By G—d, Mr. Sheriff, you ought to be ashamed of yourself!—this rope is not strong enough to hang a dog, far less a Christian; and it is impossible but you must have known that. I beg, Sir, that you will get a better one, and that without delay."

His ghostly advisers surrounded him whilst a new rope was getting ready; and the holy eagerness of each to inculcate his own particular doctrines, perhaps in some degree lessened the pangs which he must have suffered during the terrible suspense caused by so untoward an accident. When the new rope was placed around his neck, he was requested to ascend the ladder

higher than before; but this he refused to do, alleging, "that by the next tumble he might break his neck." Being again thrown off, the second rope nearly met with the fate of the first; for it stretched so far as to let his feet touch the ground,—which they actually did for some time, until the executioner drew him up with great difficulty about a foot and a half, when he was strangled and put out of his misery.

Having hung during the time prescribed by law, his body was cut down and scars made in it with a knife, according to the form of the death-warrant. It was immediately afterwards carried to the ruins of Turlough House, and was *waked* in one of the stables. Next day, he was buried in the church-yard adjoining, in his clothes and without a coffin, on what is generally termed the wrong or *unhallowed* side of the church.

His accomplices met death with considerable spirit and decency. Brecknock, however, rather puzzled the parsons, by refusing to join in any devotional exercise, except the Lord's Prayer, which he repeated in *Greek!* This

poor man was nearly seventy years of age when he died; was quite bald, with grey locks; and insisted upon being hanged in a brown wig!—

Thus lived and thus perished Fighting Fitzgerald—a man, the like of whom, take him for all in all, it is hoped the world will never look upon again. His quarrelsome disposition and habits were doubtless induced by the duelling temperament of the age in which he lived, by the wound before alluded to, and by the unfortunate differences with his family. The breach between himself and his father, was certainly widened by the meddling interference of Macdonnel and others, in matters beyond the proper sphere of their professional advice; and it is hardly to be wondered at that a man of his irritable and haughty temper should seek revenge.

No attempt is here made to palliate his conduct:—on the contrary, he ought to have been put out of the pale of society, on the commission of his first crime;—and indeed, he deserved death long before he suffered it.—In summing

up the catalogue of his vices, however, we ought not to shut our eyes upon his virtues:—of the latter, he certainly possessed that one for which his countrymen have always been so famous,—generosity. He also deserves some credit for strong fraternal affection; a negative virtue perhaps, but one that ought to have some weight in the examination of the character of a man reputed to have lived at enmity with all the world.* He loved, and was be-

* The negatively good qualities here attributed to the ruffian Fitzgerald, strongly remind the Editor of a very *useful* individual who resided some years ago in the vicinity of Cork. This man was the perfect counterpart of Mr. Harmony in Inchbald's comedy of "*Every one has his Fault.*" Whenever he heard any person ill-spoken of, he would invariably commence an enumeration of his *good* qualities; and when any one was blamed for a fault or error, he would say, "Oh! well now, we don't know how he may have been urged by circumstances. God knows, we ought not to blame him severely; for, perhaps, if we were similiarly situated, we should have done just the same that he has done." In short, he was the very antidote to scandal, and was therefore nicknamed "VALUABLE."

One day, the character of a notoriously bad man was on the *tapis*; and the person who chiefly reprobated his conduct, wound up the catalogue of his faults by saying,

loved by, his brother Lionel, whose kindness of heart and uniformly good conduct were quite the opposite of his own. Lionel never forsook him: in his most depressed moments he afforded him the countenance of his friendship, and he always gave him good counsel,—warning him from the wayward course which he was pursuing. Would that he had taken it! his offences would not now have to be recorded, nor the memory of his deeds consigned to eternal infamy.

PEACE TO HIS MANES!

"But I dare say now, after all, that our friend *Valuable* here, will find an excuse for the scoundrel. Come now, Valuable, let us hear if *any thing can* be said in his favour. Ought not the villain to be drawn, hanged, and quartered?"

"By J——s, then," replied Valuable, "ye're too hard upon the poor devil! Who knows—?"

"Come, come! that won't do," said one of the company.—"If you wish to defend the rascal, mention one good quality that he has."

"Oh! by the powers! then, my dear Mr. Barnard," responded Valuable, "sure it isn't yerself would go to deny that the poor fellow *whistles* well, any how?"

XVI.

MR. SHERIDAN'S READY WIT.

Mr. Moore is mistaken, in stating that Sheridan was in the habit of *manufacturing* puns and other witty sayings, before he went into company; and that he generally remained *silent* until a proper opportunity offered *for letting off* a good thing. That he and other celebrated wits may have *occasionally* done so, is not at all improbable; but that such was Sheridan's practice, no one who knew him intimately can for a moment allow. Had the learned biographer in question, given the least consideration to his *practical jokes* upon those tradesmen and others, who were in the habit of *dunning* him, he would perceive that Mr. Sheri-

dan's invention was *never at a stand*; for, on such occasions, instead of paying, he generally contrived to obtain longer time, and to run more deeply into their debt:—those who came to *shear*, went home *shorn*. But there are a thousand proofs on record, that, like the light produced by the fire-boxes now in vogue, Sheridan's wit was instantaneous and vivid. A few of these brilliant flashes, as they occur to the writer's mind, shall here be displayed; the reader bearing in mind that such only shall be set down as are not mentioned by other authors—or which, having appeared, have not been *attributed to him* by them.

Mr. Whitbread, one evening at Brookes's, talked loudly and largely against the ministers, for laying what was called the *war-tax* upon malt: every one present, of course, concurred with him in opinion; but Sheridan could not resist the gratification of a hit against the *brewer* himself. He took out his pencil and wrote upon the back of a letter the following lines, which he handed to Mr. Whitbread across the table:—

" They 've raised the price of table drink ;
What is the reason, do you think?
The tax on *malt's* the cause, I hear—
But what has *malt* to do with *beer* ?"

One day, meeting two Royal Dukes walking up St. James's-street, the youngest thus flippantly addressed him :—" I say, Sherry, we have just been discussing whether you are a greater *fool* or *rogue;* what is your own opinion, my boy?" Mr. Sheridan having bowed, and smiling at the compliment, took each of them by the arm, and instantly replied, " Why, 'faith, I believe I am between *both.*"

Being on a parliamentary committee, he one day entered the room as all the members were seated, and ready to commence business. Perceiving no empty seat, he bowed ; and looking round the table, with a droll expression of countenance, said, " Will any gentleman *move,* that I may *take the chair* ?"

Looking over a number of the Quarterly Review, one day at Brookes's, soon after its first

appearance, he said, in reply to a gentleman who observed that the editor, Mr. Gifford, had boasted of the power of conferring and *distributing literary reputation;* "Very likely; and in the present instance I think he has done it so profusely as to *have left none for himself.*"

Soon after the Irish members were admitted into the British House of Commons, at the Union, in 1801, one of them, in the midst of his maiden harangue, and in the national warmth of his heart, thus addressed the chair:—"And now, *my dear* Mr. Speaker," &c., which created a loud laugh from all parts of the house. As soon as their mirth had subsided, Mr. Sheridan gave it another fillip, by observing, "That the honourable member was perfectly in order; for, thanks to the ministers, now-a-days, *every thing is dear.*"

The Hon. Mr. S—— having finished a tragedy, sent it to Sheridan with a note, requesting an early opinion, and offering it for performance at Drury-lane. The manager looked

over the manuscript, but seeing nothing fit for representation, laid it on the table before the noble author, who called two days after, without saying a word. "Well, now, my dear Sheridan," said the dramatist, "what do you think of it? my friend Cumberland has promised me a prologue, and I dare say, for the interest of the theatre, you will have no objection to supply me with the *epilogue*?"—"Trust me, my dear Sir," replied Sheridan, drily, and shaking his head, "it will never come to that, depend on 't."

A friend having pointed out to Mr. Sheridan that Lord Kenyon had fallen asleep at the first representation of Pizarro, and that, too, in the midst of Rolla's fine speech to the Peruvian soldiers, the dramatist felt rather mortified; but instantly recovering his usual good-humour, he said, "Ah, poor man! let him sleep, he thinks he is on the *bench*."

A rich, but exceedingly penurious, Member of the Lower House, having one day descanted

for half an hour at the Cocoa Tree, on the excellent quality and cheapness of a *waistcoat*, which, after much 'bating, he had just bought at a tailor's shop in the Strand, and which he was exhibiting in triumph to the gentlemen present; concluded by praising the high perfection of the Manchester manufactures, and saying, "Can any thing be more reasonable? Can any one conceive how they could let me have it so cheap?"

"Very easily," replied Sheridan, raising his head from a newspaper, and heartily tired of being bored by such a subject; "they took you for one of the *trade*, and sold it you *wholesale*."

Whilst Sheridan, one sharp frosty day, was sitting in the Thatched House Tavern, writing a letter, the Prince of Wales came in and ordered a rump-steak; but, observing that the weather was excessively cold, desired the waiter, first to bring him a bumper of brandy and water. Having emptied the glass in a twinkling, he called for a second and a third; which,

also, having swallowed, he said, puffing out his cheeks and shrugging his shoulders, "Now, I am warm and comfortable; bring me my steak." The order was instantly obeyed; but before His Royal Highness had eaten the first mouthful, Sheridan presented him with the following lines, which greatly increased his good-humour.

The Prince came in, and said 'twas cold,
Then put to his head the rummer;
Till *swallow* after *swallow* came,
When he pronounced it *summer*.

The Prince of Wales, one day, at Brookes's, expatiating on that beautiful but far-fetched idea of Dr. Darwin's, that *the reason of the bosom of a beautiful woman being the object of such exquisite delight for man to look upon, arises from the first pleasurable sensations of warmth, sustenance, and repose, which he derives therefrom in his infancy;* Sheridan replied, "Truly hath it been said, that there is only one step from the *sublime* to the ridiculous. All children who are brought up *by*

hand must derive their *pleasurable sensations* from a very different source; yet I believe, no one ever heard of any such, when arrived at manhood, evincing any very *rapturous* or *amatory emotions* at the sight of a *wooden spoon!*" This very clever exposure of an ingenious absurdity, was received by his Royal Highness, Mr. Fox, and every other gentleman present, with great *eclat;* it was a fine elucidation of the folly of taking for granted *every* opinion which may be broached under the sanction of a great name.*

Mr. Sheridan one day meeting the celebrated Beau Brummel, at Charing Cross, and perceiving that he appeared desirous of avoiding him, thus accosted him: "Ah, Brummel, my fine fellow, where have you been at this time of day?"

The prince of dandies was at first rather nonplussed, but at length drawled out, "Sherry, my dear boy, don't men-tion that you saw

* The ingenious author of Lacon has alluded to this anecdote; but, as he has not mentioned the *commentator's* name, it is here ascribed to its proper source.

BRANCH CENTRE

me in this fil-thy part of the town; but per-haps I am rather *se-vere*, for his Grace of Nor-thum-ber-land re-sides some-where about this spot, if I don't mis-take. The fact is, my dear boy, I have been in the d-a-mn'-d c-it-y; to the Bank:—I wish they would remove it to the West End, for re-al-ly it is quite a bore to go to such a place; more par-ti-cu-lar-ly as one cannot be seen in one's own e-qui-page beyond Somer-set House, and the Hackney-coaches are not fit for a chimney-sweeper to ride in. Yes, my dear Sherry, you may note the cir-cum-stance down in your me-mor-and-um-book as a very re-mark-able one, that on the twen-ti-eth day of March, in the year of our Lord, eight-een hund-red and three, you des-cried me, tra-vell-ing from the East end of the town like a common ci-ti-zen who has left his counting-house for the day, in order to dine with his up-start wife and daughters at their vul-gar re-si-dence in Bruns-wick Square."*

* Since Brummel's speech, Russel, Tavistock, and Bedford Squares, have been placed in the *Terra Incognita*. In 1827 the Square East of Tottenham Court Road, is

When Brummel had concluded this affected rhapsody, Sheridan said, "Nay, my good fellow! travelling from the East! after all, that is surely impossible; you must be joking."

"Why, my dear boy; why?" demanded Brummel.

"Because the *wise* men came from the East," replied Sheridan.

"So then S-a-r," exclaimed the fop, "you think *me* a fool, do you?"

"By no means," answered Mr. Sheridan, turning away, "but I *know* you to be one; and so, good morning!"

Brummel, like the equestrian statue just opposite to him, was struck dumb and motionless for a few seconds; at length, he vociferated, "I tell you what, my friend Sher-

acknowledged by a man of fashion to exist, except upon hearsay, that in these unexplored places certain sugar-bakers, attorneys, brokers, barristers, and retired undertakers, and a centenarian judge or two, are domiciled. Lord Eldon, the last man of note or rank exiled in these parts has long since fled from Bedford-square to Hamilton-place, and if he could have "made up his mind," would have done it years before.—So says Fashion!

ry, I shall *cut* you for this im-per-ti-nence, depend on't. I mean to-night, at the op-e-ra, to send the Prince to Co-ven-try for the next twelve months, and you shall ac-com-pany him."

Sheridan laughed heartily at the idea of being put under Brummel's *imperial ban*, and to the great amusement of the fellow victim of his excommunication, announced to him the *woful tidings* the same evening!

The conversation at Brookes's, one day, turning on Lord Henry Petty's projected tax upon iron, one gentleman said, that as there was so much opposition to it, it would be better to raise the proposed sum upon coals.

"Hold! my dear fellow," said Sheridan, "that would be out of the *frying-pan* into the *fire*, with a vengeance!"

That Sheridan was from his very infancy a person of great wit, the two following anecdotes will prove beyond doubt. Being at a boarding-school where were also two bro-

thers, the sons of a physician; the conversation in the play-ground, as is often the case with boys, turned on the rank, riches, and professions of their parents. The brothers were one day bragging largely of their father; saying "That he was a gentleman, and that he professionally attended several of the nobility."

"And so is my father a *gentleman;* and as good as your father, any day," replied little Sheridan.

"Ah! but," said the elder boy, "your father is an *actor*, Dick,—a player on the public stage; consequently, it is impossible that he can be a gentleman."

"You may think so," replied Sheridan, "but I don't; I know this, however:—your father *kills* people;—mine only *amuses* them."

A gentleman having a remarkably long visage, was one day riding by the school, at the gate of which he overheard young Sheridan say to another lad, "That gentleman's face is longer than his life." Struck by the strangeness of this rude observation, the man turned

his horse's head, and requested an explanation.

"Sir," said the boy, "I meant no offence in the world; but I have read in the Bible at school, that a man's life is but a *span*, and I am sure your *face* is double that length."

The gentleman threw the lad sixpence and rode off, laughing heartily.

Mr. Sheridan met with a few *hard rubs* himself, however; one or two of which may not be unentertaining to mention.

He was endeavouring to compliment (vulgo, to *gammon*) a city tailor out of a new suit of clothes, and promising him half a dozen similar orders every year. "You are an excellent *cut*, my friend," said Sheridan, "and you beat our snips of the West End, hollow. Why don't you push your thimble amongst us?—I 'll recommend you every where.—Upon my honour, your work gives you infinite credit."—"Yes," replied Twist, "I always take care that my *work* gives *long credit*, but the *wearers ready money*."

The following retort was exceedingly severe; indeed, so much so, that Mr. Sheridan never forgot nor forgave its author, Horne Tooke. It is best to relate the anecdote in the latter gentleman's own words:—"Shortly after I had published my two pairs of portraits, of two fathers and two sons—those of Earl Chatham and Mr. Pitt, of Lord Holland and Mr. Fox—I met Sheridan, who said, with a saucy, satirical air, 'So, Sir! you are the reverend gentleman, I am told, who sometimes amuses himself in drawing portraits.'—'Yes, Sir,' I replied, 'I am that gentleman; and if you will do me the favour of sitting to me for your's, I promise you I will take it so faithfully, that even you yourself shall shudder at it!'"

Mr. Sheridan was frequently in the habit of telling comical stories and satirical anecdotes; a few of which may be worth mentioning.

Pugilism being the subject of conversation one evening, two gentlemen, one from Liverpool and the other from Bristol, insisted that in the county of Stafford the art of boxing was

more generally cultivated than any where else; and they adduced several instances of the brutality and barbarism of the people employed in the potteries, &c. Sheridan felt that his honour was concerned, and that he was called on to defend *his own constituents*, at least, from such injurious aspersions; accordingly, he drew out his forces, and like other argumentators, and generals of the *new* school, he overcame his opponents by recrimination, or, rather, by carrying the war within the enemy's own territories

"I am not exactly aware, gentlemen, of the manner of fighting in the county of Stafford, having generally had some other business on hand when I travelled in that part of the world; but I will relate to you the observations which I made when I resided in the *West*. The *men* of Somerset and Gloucester, particularly the colliers and other gentry of Bristol and the Forest of Dean, not only quarrel about the fair sex, as civilized nations generally do, but they actually love the game itself for its own sake. They knock up a fight for exercise, or for '*a bit of vun*,' just as it

may happen; and I remember a farmer whose five sons were famous for fighting every market-day, on their return from Bristol or Gloucester, by way of adjusting their several accounts. When their reverend and respected Sire was on his death-bed, he left his farm, which was a very good one, to his youngest son, saying, "Ben can lather all vour o' his brothers, an' zo let he ha 't."

"What a brute!" exclaimed the Liverpool gentleman.

"Pardon me," continued Sheridan, "they are much worse as you travel northward. I remember seeing a *kick-bullock-and-bite* contest between two Lancashire blades, in which one actually bit off the other's *nose*. When some of the bystanders condoled with the maimed combatant on his misfortune, he exclaimed, 'Never moaind, I ha' boitend off a piece of his ——;' saying which, he spat the amputated portion out of his mouth."

An attorney one day meeting Mr. Sheridan walking with another gentleman in Piccadilly,

told him that he had just been apprenticing his second daughter, a very pretty girl, to a fashionable dress-maker in Bond-street; at the same time asking his opinion of this family arrangement. "Depend upon it, Sir," said Sheridan, "that she is in as fair a way of being ruined, as a boy is to become a rogue, when he is first put clerk to a lawyer!"

This observation was accompanied by such a penetrating look from Mr. Sheridan, that the man of law shrunk from it, as if conscious that he deserved the sting which it conveyed.

When he was gone, Sheridan, said, "How do you think that fellow once served me?—Whilst pretending to befriend me on a certain occasion, and whilst declaring himself my friend and very humble servant, I found that he was urging one of my creditors to arrest me; and that, too, when he knew that such a thing would have gone well nigh to ruin me. The scoundrel does not suppose that I am aware of the fact; but, I think, I have mixed him up a dose of gall and vinegar which will give him the mulligrubs for a month."

XVII.

HIS EARLY POETRY.

Mr. Sheridan produced many epigrams and other lively poetical *morceaux*, particularly in his youthful days, which, it is feared, have long since been lost, or consigned to oblivion among the contents of the ephemerides, and other similar "tombs of all the Capulets." The following Anacreontic address to the *God of Wine*, appeared in the West Country Magazine, under the signature of Pindar Paul, Esq. whilst the author resided at Bath.—Would that Mr. Sheridan had always kept such moderation in view!

BACCHUS AND VENUS.

Rosy God! thy purple hoard
Fain would I with rapture press;
Drain libations at thy board,
Quaffing joys, but not *excess*.

If excess, thy power is done,
Thy azure goblet crown'd in vain:
Riot, madness—reason's gone;
Then succeeds an age of pain.

Why, ivy-crowned King of Wine,
Should excess thy blessings shame?
Why should Venus, all divine!
Hold thy votaries to blame?

Venus will not yield the palm,
Nor your share of pleasure scan;
Chloe owns the wine as balm,
Invokes the God to aid the Man.

Come, then, laughter-loving youth,
Round the myrtle wreathe the vine;
Charm'd with music, love, and truth,
Drink the pledge,—'tis LOVE AND WINE!

THE FOLLOWING NEAT EPIGRAM,

ON IMPRISONMENT FOR DEBT,

Was written nearly about the same time.

Of old, to debtors that *insolvent* died,
Egypt the rights of *sepulture* denied;
A different trade enlighten'd Christians drive,
And charitably *bury them alive.*

ON THE PROSPECT OF COACHES TO BE LAID DOWN IN 1798.

Alas! must Mrs. Jackdaw lose her coach,
And, *levell'd* with her *betters,* walk the street!
Besides, how can she bear the rude approach
Of *sisters, aunts,* and *cousins,* she may meet!

I doubt not each expedient she will find,—
Thomas can keep the blackguards off behind;
But still, ah! still her case we must deplore,
For who can keep the blackguards off *before?*

XVIII.

SHERIDAN'S DEFEAT AT STAFFORD.

SHERIDAN'S failure at the Stafford election, in 1812, was the cause of his total ruin; more particularly as he had previously lost all interest in the theatre in Drury Lane. An ill-natured report prevailed at the time, that the Prince of Wales, considering his old friend and companion to be plunged irretrievably in misfortune, turned his back upon him, like the rest of the world, and left him to his fate: nay, one of the scurrilous prints of the day, went so far as to assert that his Royal Highness, in reply to a request for assistance, thus addressed him:—"Sherry, my old boy, your day is gone by; there are no boroughs now to be had, and I cannot possibly

interfere. I always prophecied that you would end your days in a gaol!" Whatever influence these gross calumnies might have had with the mob, they had no weight with, and were altogether discredited by, those who had the least knowledge of the parties. But that His Royal Highness was incapable of such conduct, is proved by the notorious fact, that, on this very occasion, he presented his unfortunate friend with four thousand pounds; giving him the choice of putting that sum to his private uses, or of enabling him to be returned for Wootton Basset.

Although Mr. Sheridan had a great desire to resume his seat in Parliament, he could not well stomach the idea of exchanging the representation of a populous and respectable town like Stafford, for that of a rotten borough. After some hesitation, therefore, he declined it; and, no doubt, was considerably influenced in his decision, by the actual possession of so much *ready money*, which would enable him *to carry on the war*, until something else should start up; for whilst the *existing* ministry re-

mained in power, and there appeared little likelihood of a change,—Mr. Sheridan, had no prospect of coming in for a share of the *loaves and fishes;* and he consequently saw little utility in wearing away his lungs, and perhaps losing his popularity, on a stage where he had already enacted his part with so much eclat. The disappointment, however, preyed heavily on his spirits; more particularly, as his fertile and comprehensive mind was now without any active employment. He did not fail, therefore, on every suitable occasion, to bestow his hearty *blessing* on the *worthy* electors of Stafford, and that generally in the following terms:—"A pack of rotten *leather-heads*, and be d—d to them!" alluding to the staple manufacture of the town in question, which is that of *shoes.*

But Mr. Sheridan's rejection was rendered still more galling, by the lampoons and general abuse with which the newspapers and other prints most ungenerously assailed him at this period. Among other things of the same kind, he confessed that he felt considerable annoyance from the following squibs.—

ON A CERTAIN GENTLEMAN'S DISCOMFITURE AT STAFFORD.

SHERRY to Stafford lately hied;
Stafford, the great St. Crispin's pride:
He smooth'd his face, he went *unshod;*
He swore, no shoes like their's, by G—!
He had the Regent's dread commands,
Shoes should be worn *on feet and hands!*
The Court had deem'd the fashion meet,
That men should walk *on hands and feet!*
"Give me your votes; I'll do such things,
I'll make you great as little kings!"—
Crispin, who erst did Britons shield
On Agincourt's most glorious field,
Look'd from a cloud in fierce disdain,
And sent him back to Court again.

IMPROMPTU.

"Since Drury's corps disown my sway,
And Stafford's cobblers hoot away,
Betwixt *St. Stephen's* and the *Bench*
I must retire, or must retrench."
"Dear Sherry, by that ruby nose,
That like my darling bev'rage glows,"

The Regent cries, "Dismiss your fears,
Cheer up, my lad, and dry your tears;
Do what you will, you can't be beat!
In either case, *you 'll have a seat.*"

A HINT TO MR. WHITBREAD'S ENTIRE COMMITTEE.

*By a Quondam Manager.**

"Since none with a pen will *trust* me but *a goose,*
And *paper of all kinds* I've little now to use;
To the verses writ by me, you may swear if you will,
If inscrib'd on the back of a *wine-merchant's bill:*
But observe, should there be *a receipt at the end on 't,*
Try again; *they 're not Sherry's poetry, depend on 't.*

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* It is to be observed that the Committee of Management of the newly built Theatre in Drury Lane, had offered a premium of one hundred guineas for the best Prologue to be spoken at the opening of the house. The poets immediately set to work, among whom, it was said, Mr. Sheridan contributed a very spirited effusion; but his, like those of all the others, was declined by the *management,* on the score of inefficiency: an application was made to Lord Byron, who produced, at a short notice, a very able prologue; but

The latter of these pasquinades, Mr. Sheridan declared to the writer, at Brookes's, to be the "unkindest cut of all;" for that three-fourths of the stories which were told of him were utterly devoid of truth. "However," continued he, "I suppose I must bear with these things like a Philosopher: give a dog an ill name, and hang him out of the way at once! Heigho! fill, my dear friend, and let us drown care in a bumper.—The rascal now, who wrote that, I dare say, fancies himself a poet: why, the scribbler doesn't keep within proper time or measure: he halts and hobbles like a man with a wooden-leg in a meadow picking cowslips.—Still the lines are clever for their point; although I don't see how they can apply

certainly not better written than several of those which had been refused. It was this contest among the Literati of the day, which gave the hint to the Smiths for the production of that most clever work, "The Rejected Addresses."—It is farther to be observed, that the Committee had suggested the necessity of each author adopting some cypher or private mark, (instead of his own name,) by which his piece might be recognized in case of success.

to me. These unlettered assassins of the press season their bubble-and-squeak messes according to the taste of the swinish multitude; and when they have hashed up the victim of their ruffianism, they throw in a little *sauce piquante*, in order to tickle their palates, and make the maw-wallop go down pleasantly. Thus they please the pigs. But, *presto!* the pigs and butchers be d——d! here comes a fresh bottle, my dear friend; so let us change the scene and subject."

In this manner would poor Sheridan, when stretched on the rack of a newspaper paragraph, alternately vituperate and philosophise, and then fly, for the consolation of his wounded spirit, to his never-failing source of comfort—the bottle. Sometimes, however, his feelings were so agonized by neglect, insult, and the dreariness of his future prospects, that he has shed tears like a child, whilst unbosoming himself to the writer of this. They were tears of bitterness and regret. But, at the period above mentioned, he may be said to have been in a tolerable state of equanimity and comfort; for, he

had a considerable portion of the Prince's gift still *in banco*, and he was never at a loss for some clever *ruse de guerre* to escape the annoyance of his old friends the *duns*. Indeed, his whole life seems to have been one of expedients and shifts.

It is now time to return to the more immediate subjects of this article; viz. the *worthy and independent* electors of Stafford. Mr. Sheridan was a man who scorned to confer favours by halves; therefore, whilst he advocated the rights and liberties of these gentry in the Senate, he was desirous of *patronizing* the trade of their town, by dipping into the books of all such as would give him credit. On all occasions, however, when he neither required their votes, a loan, or the renewal of a bill, he looked upon his constituents with as thorough contempt as any Member that ever sat for an English borough.

On one occasion, he received a pretty hard hit from one of the electors, as he was on a canvassing visit at Stafford. He was met in the

streets by one of his old voters, a simple but substantial burgess, with whom he had formerly had some dealings of a pecuniary nature. This man accosted him as follows:—"Well, Maister Sheridan, I be main glad to see you. How be ye, eh?"

"Why, thank you, my friend, very well. I hope you and your family are well," replied the candidate.

"Ay, ay," answered the elector, "they are pretty nobbling:—but they tell me, Maister Sheridan, as how you are trying to get a Palumentary Reform. Do ye think ye shall get it?"

"Why, yes," said Sheridan, "I hope so."

"And so do I," replied his constituent, "for then you'll be able to pay off the old election scores, shan't ye?"

He never forgave the Stafford people for throwing him out in 1812; and whenever they happened to be made the subject of conversation, he seldom failed to retaliate by some whimsical story of his electioneering adventures,

wherein he took special care not to conceal their ignorance or avarice. He related the following characteristic anecdote one evening at Brookes's to several gentlemen who were bantering him on the subject of his defeat.

When he was appointed Treasurer of the Navy, under the Whig Administration, his constituents deputed two of their *enlightened* body, one of whom was an alderman, to wait upon him for the purpose of refreshing his memory respecting certain promises which he had made of making all their fortunes, on the instant of his getting into office! Accordingly, these two gentlemen, one of whom, no doubt, expected to be made an emperor, and the other an archbishop, waited upon Mr. Sheridan at his residence in Somerset House.

"Preliminary compliments having been disposed of," said Sheridan, "I asked them what was the more immediate purport of their visit?" 'Why,' replied the electors, 'we are come to congratulate you upon your getting into such a good place, and into such a fine house.' 'I am very much obliged to you, gentlemen, upon

my word, and hope with your assistance to retain the one and inhabit the other, for many years to come.' 'I wish ye may,' replied the alderman, 'with all my heart; but you know, Mr. Sheridan, there are some old bills standing.' 'And there they must stand for the present,' I replied, 'for I can do nothing for you now in the way of cash, as I have not received a farthing yet from my office.' 'True, true, Mr. Sheridan,' returned the alderman, 'we can hardly expect payment yet; but you surely won't forget your promise to provide your friends with good places, now you have got into a snug birth yourself.' 'Oh, certainly not,' I replied; 'as soon as the necessary arrangements are completed, I mean to put half a hundred of you into the excise, as many more into the public offices as clerks, and the rest, I suppose, may be comfortably provided for as officers, either in the army or navy. I have only to regret that I can do nothing for the *ladies;* but I suppose they will be pretty well pleased when they see their husbands and sons taken care of.'—'Certainly, certainly,

your right honourable worship,' replied the other man, who was a master shoemaker; 'and we hope you will show no favour, but treat us all alike.' I, of course, assured them that there should be no *partiality* manifested in the distribution of my *favours:* and so, sending my respects to the whole corporation, I bowed my visitors to the drawing-room door, and with a most patronizing smile, and a hearty shake of the hand, wished them a pleasant journey back to Stafford: and I assure you, gentlemen, I was glad enough to have got off so easily, for I expected a rumpus with the alderman,—to whom, by the by, I happened to owe a small score for wine and beer furnished to my committee."

"I dare say you did, Sherry," said Sir Thomas Stepney; "I have little doubt but you dived to the bottom of the alderman's cellar, before he had time to look about him.—How many pipes did you drink among you?"

"My dear Tom," returned Sheridan, "if you interrupt me, you will lose the best part of my story."

"Why, I thought you had packed them off to Stafford?" observed the Earl of Sefton.

"So thought I, my dear Lord," replied Sheridan, "but in a few seconds one of them, —the shoemaker,—without being observed by his companion, returned into the room to get a *frank*, for the purpose of enclosing a letter to his wife, as he did not intend to leave town for a few days. His friend, the alderman, had nearly got to the bottom of the stairs before he missed him; when, turning his head, he instantly suspected foul play, and rushing back up the stairs, he met his companion at the door, just at the moment that he was putting the *frank* into his pocket. This was enough—the enraged wine-merchant dashed into my apartment, and with clenched fists, and eyes sparkling with fury, exclaimed, 'D—n me, if I didn't always think you were a scamp, Sheridan!'

"I was struck with astonishment, as you may well imagine, and hastily inquired what was amiss? 'Amiss!' roared out my constituent; 'didn't you say you would treat us all

alike? What have you been giving to him there?'—'Giving to him!' I answered with surprize; 'why nothing but a frank for his wife.' 'Well, then,' replied the alderman, 'if that be really the case, give me one too, and let it be just like his.'—This demand I immediately complied with, and he took his leave perfectly satisfied."*

This anecdote greatly amused the party to whom it was related; and Mr. Sheridan was several times afterwards requested to repeat it to those gentlemen who had not heard it on the first narration; and this he did with inimitable humour.

* As a *set-off* to the reputation of not fulfilling his promises to his constituents, which Mr. Sheridan gave to himself in the above anecdote, it ought to be mentioned to his honour, that on *one* occasion, he actually did keep his word with the *natives* of Stafford. Numbers of those who voted for him, or their friends and relatives, were appointed to various offices in Drury-lane Theatre and the Opera House: In a short time, however, he found opportunities of obliging new friends; for, alas! more than four-fifths of his first corps of *protegées* were compelled to relinquish their situations, from *receiving no pay!*

XIX.

PITT, R—E, AND DUNDAS.

Of this celebrated trio, several curious anecdotes were, on one occasion, related at Brookes's. Mr. Sheridan commenced the series, by the following laughable account of

MR. PITT'S MIDNIGHT REHEARSALS.

It must be premised, that, during the whole of Mr. Pitt's political career, he was a complete slave to business; indeed, so much was his mind occupied with affairs of state, that, generally speaking, he went to bed at night only to dream of the labours of the day. He took little recreation; and when prevailed upon to go to a fashionable party, he seldom stayed

long. Even whilst he did remain, his mind was so liable to revert to the business of the morning, that, though highly respected for his private worth by all who knew him, his company was not considered to be entirely *indispensable*, particularly by the ladies. Mr. Fox, on the contrary, had a mind highly susceptible of the pleasures of society; which by no means detracted from his capability of performing the arduous duties belonging to his public character.—But to return to Mr. Pitt.

It was his frequent custom, when he left the House of Commons, to call at the residence of Lord Melville, to spend an hour or two, before retiring to *Bachelor's Hall*—as the Duchess of Gordon very aptly styled the minister's own lonely habitation.

One evening, fatigued by a speech of more than three hours in length, he arrived at his friend's house in a state of profuse perspiration. Lord Melville (then Mr. Dundas) instantly ordered clean linen to be provided, and insisted on the Premier staying all night; as the damp air, in going home, might prove injurious to him

in such a condition. Mr. Pitt complied, and soon afterwards retired to rest.

He had been in bed about an hour, when a female servant, passing the door of his chamber, heard a loud noise, as of one talking with great rapidity and energy. She immediately ran, in the most violent agitation and alarm, into the butler's pantry, where that domestic and Mr. Pitt's valet were sitting comfortably over a glass of arrack punch.

"For God Almighty's sake!" she roared out, "Richard, run directly to your master; for he 's a dying!"

"Dying!" exclaimed the valet, rising; "Good God! what makes you think so, Betty?"

"Oh!" returned the terrified girl, "I heard him saying his *prayers*, so loud and so fast, that I am sure he must be dead before this time."

"Lord bless the girl!" said the man, sitting down to finish his punch, "how could you go for to frighten one so? He 's no more a dying than you are, Betty: he 's only making a speech for the HOUSE *to-morrow*; and I dare say, that as he is speechifying so loud, he is a blowin' up

the *old Fox* and the *Wigs*. Ah, he's the boy for giving it 'em, right and left, I can tell you, Betty."

"Blowin' up the *Fox* and the *Wigs*, Master Dick! Why, what's that, for heaven's sake?"

"Oh, Bet, my girl," answered Richard; "it's no use telling you: women understands nothin' of pol'tics:—do they, Master Butler?"

"No, Dick," responded the butler, "that they don't, an' it isn't fit they should; for if they knew what was what, they'd soon wear the breeches, I know.—But, I say, Dick, push about the grog, an' let us go an' hear what your master is goin' to say to old Charley to-morrow."

"No occasion for hurrying, man," replied Richard, emptying his glass, and filling another bumper: "bless your soul! he hasn't got into the thick of it yet, I'll be bound. We've plenty o' time; so sit down, and let us finish the toddy: it'll be two hours, at least, before he's done. Lord! it'll do your heart good to hear him firin' away at the rascally hopposition, just the self-same as he gives it 'em in the House. Bless you, he always *im*poses his

speech for the *next day*, before he goes to sleep. —Come, Mistress Betty, drink that, my girl," (handing her a glass,) "it 'll warm you, and take away your fright."

Betty drank the contents, and feeling herself greatly revived thereby, and her curiosity nothing abated, ventured again to inquire what the valet meant by *blowin' up the Fox and the Wigs.*

"Why, you fool," answered Dick, "don't you know that the *Fox* is that rascally Charley Fox, as wishes to bring in Boneypart and the French."

"What for, Master Richard?" inquired Betty.

"What for?" echoed Dick. "Why to kill King George, to be sure, and put the Prince o' Wales on his throne; ay, and to oust my master, that he may get into his place himself!"

"What a wicked villain!" exclaimed Betty: "but do tell me what is the *Wigs?*"

"Why, the Wigs is them as backs Charley, and wishes to get all the pensions and snug births to themselves," answered the valet.

"But why do you call them *Wigs?*" inquired the persevering housemaid.

"'Faith I can't tell that, Betty," replied Dick; "but, perhaps, Mister Butler knows."

"It is impossible to say," responded the butler, laughing, "unless that the *Tories* think them a set o' stoopids, that wears *block-heads* on their shoulders!"

"Well!" exclaimed Dick, "if that isn't the very thing I was a thinking of myself; but do you know why them as sits on *master's* side in the House, are called *Tories?*"

"Yes," answered the confident butler: "Tories is *Latin* for them as have good places to give away.—But, come along, and let us see what your master is about."

Away went this *trio* up-stairs, creeping softly on tiptoe, until they arrived at the Premier's chamber-door; and there, sure enough, they heard him declaiming in grand style. They, as we have seen, ignorantly supposed that Mr. Pitt was rehearsing his speech for the morrow; but the fact was, that, according to his general

custom, as noticed on similar occasions, by several of his relatives, *he was repeating*, during his slumber, *the whole of the arguments which he had used in the House of Commons, during the earlier part of the evening.**

* Similar to Mr. Pitt's assiduity in public business, and abstraction from the pleasures of social life, was that of George Grenville, Chancellor of the Exchequer. During the recess of Parliament, in the year ——, he was invited into Hertfordshire, to spend some time at the house of a nobleman; who, amongst other attentions, hearing that he was fond of music, gave a grand concert; for the performance of which, he had collected the best singers and musicians in the metropolis.

In the midst of a very fine piece, however, Mr. Grenville (whose head was filled with little else than politics, and the more particular business of his own office,) got into a whispering conversation with a Member of Parliament, who sat near him, about some *bill* which was to be brought forward early in the next session.—In the course of this colloquy, he frequently used his pencil, to make calculations.

This apparent insult being felt by the noble host, as evincing a great degree of inattention, he observed upon it to the witty George Selwyn, who was present. "Pho! pho! man," said Selwyn, "Grenville likes your concert very well; but, by G—! a *pen and ink* are to him, *meat, drink, washing, and lodging.*"

The risibility of Sheridan's auditors was greatly excited by the above story; and Mr. Fox prevented their mirth from flagging, by the relation of two diverting anecdotes, of which the following are but faint sketches.

MINISTERIAL ASSURANCE.

DURING Mr. Pitt's sway in the Cabinet, whenever any assertion was to be made by the Ministers in the House, which required more than ordinary gravity to ensure belief, George R—e was the person generally employed to make it; more particularly, if the subject matter related to the "blessings of the Christian Religion, as by law established!" or such like.

One night, it being necessary to put him forward on this particular point of duty, he arose, assumed a grave aspect, placed his hand on his left breast, and prefaced what he intended to say, with an appeal to his conscience; "calling to witness the Ruler of the Universe,

and the Searcher of all hearts!" Mr. Pitt, who was rather *fresh*, had his eye on him, and in a fit of admiration at his unblushing audacity, turned round to Wyndham, who sat beside him, saying, "Now listen!—George is going to tell a d—d lie!"—When the orator had concluded, Pitt cried out, "Hear! hear!" and leaning towards him, congratulated him on his assurance!

DUNDAS AND THE BARBER.

Before Henry Dundas, afterwards Lord Melville, had obtained the patronage of Scotland, he was not very popular with the natives of that country:—indeed, the inhabitants of the gude toon of Edinbro', at one time, sought his life, and would have sacrificed him to their fury, for having been concerned in certain measures to which the general opinion was opposed.

In this state of the public mind, he made a visit to the Scottish capital, and being one day

recognized walking on the North Bridge, or Mound, he was surrounded by an immense mob, who hustled him in a very rude manner, and made preparations for throwing him over the parapet. Luckily, he happened to have a considerable quantity of money in his pocket, in the shape of notes and silver, which he had the presence of mind to throw, alternately, among them, so as to divert their attention, whilst he made all possible way for the mansion of the Lord Provost; where, after great difficulty, and having disposed of his last shilling, he arrived and found refuge and protection.

The mob increased, however, and surrounded the Chief Magistrate's house, crying vehemently, "Put out Dundas! put out Dundas!" and behaved otherwise in a very riotous manner. At length, the Provost, fearing they would proceed to extremities, came out and addressed them on the duties of hospitality, and on the ancient and uniform character of the Scots for the exercise of that virtue; and concluded by saying, that "he himself would prefer falling

a victim to their fury, rather than eject any person who had sought the asylum of his roof." This was an appeal which no Scotchman could withstand, more particularly as it came from a man, whose amenity of character and mild disposition had rendered him generally beloved. —Having given the Provost three cheers, they quietly dispersed to their houses.

Whilst he remained in Edinburgh on this occasion, Mr. Dundas took care not to show himself again in the streets, but soon took his departure for London.

Soon afterwards, being obliged to revisit his native country, and knowing the storm had blown over, he met with a very odd adventure, but one which terrified him equally, if not more so, than that on the North Bridge. It seems that he had recently been accessory to some other obnoxious measure; not, however, of such general importance as the former one :—it was such as to keep alive the public feeling, though not sufficient to blow it into actual flame. In this state of things he arrived at an hotel in

Edinburgh, and next morning sent for a barber to shave him.

The Tonsor, who happened to be a wag, on entering the room, saluted Mr. Dundas and welcomed him to Edinburgh. Then having decorated him with an apron, he began to lather his face; during which operation, he cast upon him sundry scowling and penetrating glances, the meaning of which the stranger could not well comprehend. At length, flourishing his razor, he said in a sharp and stern voice,—

"We are much *obliged* to you, Mr. Dundas, for the part you lately took in London."

"What!" replied the Secretary, "you are a politician, I find?—I sent for a *barber*."

"Oh yes," returned the knight of the pewter basin, "I 'll shave you directly:" which he did, until one-half of the beard was cleanly mowed; when coming to his throat, he drew the back of the razor across it, saying, "Take that, ye traitor!"—and off he ran, down-stairs, into the street.—

Whether Mr. Dundas had previously felt any uneasiness at the barber's manner, we know not; but the latter expression—the action being so well suited to the word,—induced him instantly to apply the apron to his throat; and to make a loud guggling noise, which being heard by some of the people of the house, they immediately ran to his assistance. They soon discovered by the pantomimic gestures of Mr. Dundas what had occurred, and it was not long before the room was full of members of the Faculty, of all degrees:—apothecaries, surgeons, and physicians! It was a considerable time before the patient could be prevailed on to remove the apron and expose his throat; but at length, when he did so, with much caution—it was found to be in a perfectly whole state; there not being even a scar visible!

Though Mr. Dundas had much reason to be delighted at having escaped unhurt, he was not a little mortified at the laugh which this adventure occasioned; and his chagrin was greatly increased when he found that he had to pay

for the attendance of the medical gentlemen:—which having done, and having shaved the other side of his face himself,—for he would trust no more barbers,—he decamped from Edinburgh, and did not return for many years.

XX.

THE IRISH PEASANTRY AND THEIR PASTORS.

THE conversation one evening turning on the abject submission of the Irish to their Catholic priesthood, an Irish gentleman said, "that though his countrymen were a weak people, *they were not so much led by the nose by their spiritual pastors, as persons who did not know them generally imagined.*

"Thanks, however," said he, "to the rapacity and insolence of the Protestant clergy, with their army of tithe-proctors and other harpies, the links of the iron chain of superstition are more closely rivetted between *Paddy* and his *praist* than they would be if oppression

ceased to stalk with such horrible strides throughout the land; yet, after all, it is only in affairs of *religion* that the Irish Catholic submits to the dictation of the priesthood. On these points he does nothing by halves. Of the infallibility of his church he does not permit himself to harbour the shadow of a doubt; but believes implicitly that she has the power to grant him absolution for the most atrocious crimes, or to consign him to eternal damnation if the excommunicating ban be not taken off by suitable submission and contrition. This power he considers to be as certain as that the snow falls in winter, or that the sun shines in summer."

THE PENANCE.

"I will give you an instance," he continued, "among many which I could mention, of the great power of the Catholic clergy, from whose sentence there is no appeal; indeed the least resistance would have involved the culprit in misery without end, for he would have become an outcast from society. In such a case, a man's *own father* dare not speak to, or assist

him, were he in the greatest emergency or danger.

"You must know, in the first place, Gentlemen, that the Protestants having taken all the lands and livings, churches and cathedrals, from the Catholics, the only certain means of subsistence that the priests have, are what, in this country, are called *surplice fees;* that is, fees for marriages, christenings and burials: now, these are necessarily very high, and in many cases oppressive,—that for marriage being between three and four pounds sterling.

"One Saturday afternoon I was told, that next morning, at a chapel two miles distant from my house, there was to be rather a novel mode of penance performed by a man named Phelim M'Murrough, who had married one of my farm servants, several days before. He was an ostler and postboy at a small inn on the road-side, where a ricketty chaise and a pair of miserable horses were kept for the occasional use of travellers.

"When he married Dolly Milligan, like most Irishmen of his *rank*, he had not a ten-

penny to bless himself with; but Dolly had been a saving girl, and not only had provided a few small things in the way of bedding and other household matters, but likewise put into Phelim's hand, the prodigious sum of five pounds, which she had scraped together during her days of maidenhood and servitude. In fact, this girl, take her for all in all, was considered a *fortune* by the young fellows in the neighbourhood. She had set her heart, however, on Phelim, who was a smart curly-headed little fellow; and no doubt his rusty red jacket, leather breeches,—which once were yellow, and had been worn by some cavalier at the battle of the Boyne,—*brown-black* velvet cap, and top boots to match, assisted greatly in the conquest of her heart.

"A day or two before his marriage, Phelim, who never before had so much money in his possession, reflected deeply on the hardship of parting with four-fifths of it to the priest, for the mere performance of a ceremony; which he by no means considered an equivalent for parting with such a treasure.

"'Dolly, my darling,' said he, turning over the tenpennies (for the hoard was all in silver), 'I've just been thinking that if Father M'Donough would only trust me, and let us be married on *tick* this once, how I could go to the fair next week and buy a pig or two;—the *craturs* would have a litter shortly, and when the little ones got big sure we'd make a *fortin* by them. I could promise dhe Father a green ham and a sucking pig, and I dare say he'd consent.'"

"Dolly thought the plan exceedingly feasible; and away went Phelim to the priest to make his proposition. The latter good-naturedly consented to this arrangement, and Phelim and Dolly were as happy as any couple that ever were joined in the bonds of matrimony.

"On the fourth or fifth morning of the honey-moon, Phelim, having the tenpennies in a leathern bag, posted off to the fair, a few miles off. Here he unfortunately met with some of his boon companions, whom, in the fulness of his heart, he treated all round. They drank *potyeen* till all was *blue*; and in

the plenitude of present happiness he forgot Dolly, the pigs, and the priest.

"He had unfortunately told his friends the errand he was come upon, and triumphantly exhibited the contents of his bag. This excited the cupidity of the landlord of the whiskey-shop, who contrived to breed a quarrel between his guests; the termination of which was a grand *row*, in which Phelim lost his bag of tenpennies, but received a broken head in exchange.

"It is unnecessary to describe the grief of poor Dolly, when she saw the pitiable plight in which her husband returned to the cabin; but when she heard of the total loss of her hard-earned treasure, her despair knew no bounds. Her wretched state of mind, however, was, if possible, aggravated by the story coming to the ears of M'Donough, who saw no means of his fees being paid, but by the instant sale of their little household effects.

"At this proposition, which was made to Phelim, as he lay on the bed with his head tied up, the poor fellow was struck with horror

and dismay: he groaned for some time in agony; but at length, unwillingly, gave his consent. This roused Dolly to a sense of the danger which hung over them; she foresaw the dreariness of their future prospects, and she entreated the priest not to turn them out of house and home.

"The priest, who really was himself in great need, absolutely refused to grant any lenity. Dolly therefore, who was not so tractable as her husband, at length put the question to test, by taking an 'oath to the Holy Vargin, that not a stick should be moved out of the house to please e'er a *praist* in Christendom.'

"'Then,' said M'Donough, 'I'll give Phelim such a pinance as was niver seen or heard of in this world or the next.'—Having said this, he departed from the cottage, exceeding wroth.

"Phelim's wounds being nearly healed, he was summoned before the holy father, who lectured him severely on the crime of drunkenness; but more particularly on the heinous one of ingratitude and roguery to his priest, which

he designated as the sin against the Holy Ghost! —In conclusion, he enjoined upon him the penance of fasting and praying in a greater degree than usual, the chastisement of his body by flagellation night and morning, and abstinence from the marriage bed, for six months; besides standing in the chapel during the performance of mass, for three Sundays successively, *having a saddle on his back and a bridle in his mouth!*—All this was to be strictly performed under pain and penalty of excommunication."

"The poor bride and bridegroom were in a sad state of mind when this dreadful sentence was pronounced. Dolly, however, who had but a small portion of the penance to endure, thus consoled her husband:—'Niver mind, Phelim, my dear;—take the pinance; take it any how: better that, than be turned out of house and home, without a bit to *ate*, or a *blankit* to cover us. Ye needn't lay the bating on very heavy, Phelim, as nobody 'll be bye to see ye:—I can go to sarvice the while; and sure the six months won't last for ever; and maybe, by

that time, the master 'll give me a pig, if I ax him and tell him our misfortin.'—

"The instant I was informed of this transaction, I resolved to put a speedy end to the maceration of poor Phelim's body. Accordingly, next morning, I walked over to the chapel, and there, sure enough, I witnessed the disgraceful sight of a *priest-ridden* human being standing ready saddled and bridled in the midst of the congregation!

"I held up my finger to M'Donough, who was just going to begin his sermon, and he came out. I remonstrated with him on the barbarity—the brutality of this transaction; threatening to report him to his Diocesan. He made answer that he was compelled to it for his own safety; for if M'Murrough got off, subordination would be at an end, and all future bridegrooms would play him the same trick.

"I agreed to the justness of his argument, and paid him his fee on the spot, on his agreeing to *unhorse* the poor man, and promising to give him absolution at the end of the service. He

insisted, however, on the propriety of keeping Phelim to his prayers and fasting, in order to serve as a warning to others. 'Why,' said I, 'as to the prayers, you may do as you please, for I have nothing to do with his soul: my concern is with his body, so we'll drop the *fasting*, if you please; for, I dare say, the poor fellow has had his *belly full* of that already.'

"This arrangement being agreed on, the priest mounted the pulpit, and thus addressed the culprit:—'Aren't ye ashamed of yourself, Phelim M'Murrough,' said he, 'to be standing there like a horse in full armour! Ye 've been guilty of a grate and wicked sin, ye have, ye reprobate!—instade of buying the pigs, to get drunk and lose all the money which were the just dues of me, your lawful praist;—ye know they were, Phelim. But I forgive ye, as in duty bound to his honur, who has intersaded for you and paid the money,—every copper; so, take off the saddle and bridle, and fall down on your knees to his honur, who has done ye so great a kindness.—Let me see ye in the Confessional after divine sarvice is over.'

"The priest enjoined certain prayers on the penitent, who was glad enough to escape thus easily. When he came out on the green he expressed a multitude of thanks, and would have gone on his knees to express his gratitude, had I permitted him. I advised him to be more careful in future; never again to drink *potyeen*, and to mind what his priest had said to him on that subject; also to come to the Castle for Dolly, in the evening, when they should both drive a couple of pigs home to their cottage.

"The poor fellow's gratitude now knew no bounds: he danced and capered about like a madman, and said 'By J——s, your honur's the true jontleman, after all.—Dolly and mysilf will take an oath to the Virgin, this very blessed night, niver to taste a drop of putyeen at all at all,—barrin' at a christening or so; and as for the new pinnance that I am going to get from Father M'Donough, I won't mind it the value of a porati peeling; for Dolly will say the prayers with me and we'll niver forgit

to remimber yer honur in them, wishing ye long life in this world and the next one after it.' "

The company were highly amused by this story; but one of them observing that the narrator had failed to demonstrate the position which he had laid down at the commencement, and indeed that Phelim's blind submission rather tended to prove the reverse; the gentleman thus continued:—

" You are so far right, Sir; but you are to observe that Phelim's offence came strictly within the cognizance of his priest. Had M'Donough presumed to meddle with his amusements or his occupation, or with any other matter not strictly *religious*—that is, in the way of *reprehension*—Phelim would instantly have hoisted the standard of rebellion.—It is in the performance of their *clerical functions* that the Irish peasantry respect their priesthood: when the surplice is laid aside, religious awe hangs with it on the same peg.

" Thus, we daily see the priest enter into

mixed society, where he is welcomed as a boon companion with 'Hail fellow, well met!' there, he jokes with the jester, laughs and sings with the merry, drinks with the thirsty, is jovial with the jolly, and quaffs off his native beverage with as much good-will as any toper among them all. At the altar, in the confessional, in the pulpit, and in the sick-chamber, he is every inch a *priest*, and his very finger nails are held sacred:—every where else he is an *Irishman*: he feels himself such, and as such is he treated. Of this, and of the immoral and degraded state of the people in general, I will give you an example.

THE PENKNIFE.

"I was one day informed,—some years ago, that a regular shilelagh fight was to take place in the province of Munster, between two large parties, on the next Sunday, immediately after mass. In these barbarous combats, which I had frequently been successful in repressing, and which generally arose from a quarrel between two individuals, bloodshed was not un-

common; indeed, I have sometimes known one or two to be killed on each side. I was resolved to prevent this one from taking place, as the intended scene of action was not above eight miles from my own door.

"Accordingly I rode to the spot; but, on entering the chapel, perceived the congregation to be apparently so devout in the performance of their religious duties, and joining with so much fervour in the prayers and responses, that I thought some one had played off a hoax upon me. I waited until the conclusion of the service, and was exceedingly well pleased with the becoming demeanour which reigned throughout the assembly.

"As I was going out, however, I observed the men range themselves in two parties, to the number of about one hundred on each side: each assumed an attitude of defiance; and I saw from this, and by the almost instantaneous erection of two or three drinking booths, that hostilities would soon commence, if not speedily prevented.

"The priest, who had disrobed himself of his

canonicals, soon joining his flock upon the green-sward, and appearing to assume the functions of *Master of the Ceremonies*, I thus addressed him,—'Father Croley,' said I, 'there shall be no fight to-day, I promise you: I have come to prevent it.'

"'No fight!' exclaimed the holy father; 'yer honur sure won't be so hard-hearted as to prevint the *boys** from having a bit of sport, just by way of refrishment after the sarvice!'

"'Let them *sport*, by all means,' I replied; 'but I understood that there was to be a fight with staves; and I can perceive by the preparations now on foot, that there will be considerable bloodshed, if you do not join your influence with mine to prevent it.'

"'Bless and save yer honur's heart and sowl for iverlasting!' replied the priest; 'I'm afraid yer honur 'll have a hard job of it to

* This is the common designation of males of all ages in Ireland:—hence the term *White-boys*, from wearing shirts or smock frocks over their clothes, for disguise in the rebellion, &c.—*Gossoon* is the Irish term for boy or young lad—*Garçon*, Fr.

stop the *boys;* and, as for me, they don't care a copper for what I say about any thing that isnt in their Credo or Paternosthur!'

"'Very likely!' I returned; 'but were you, in private life, to practise those precepts which your religion enjoins you to preach in the pulpit, your influence in repressing disorder among these poor people would be all-sufficient; but, here do I find your Reverence countenancing by your presence, and, I fear, encouraging by your example, not only a breach of the peace, but also the commission of an act of the most savage barbarity—nay, even of murder itself!'

"'Yer honur's too hard upon me,' replied Father Croley; 'I take the blessed Vargin to witness, that I didn't mane to touch stick or stone, and that I only intinded to stand by and see *fair play* among the *boys;* for they haven't had a riglar fight this many a-day, and sure enough they're all aiger for it.'

"An old man with wrinkled brow, whose few grey hairs hardly covered his temples; and who, though perfectly erect and athletic, ap-

peared to be of the full age of seventy-five, now stepped forward from among the throng of women and children who were assembled round the booths. In the chapel I had observed this man's countenance; and it appeared to me, actually to beam forth the rays of devotion and sanctity.

"Taking off his greasy cap and making a rude obeisance, he thus addressed me: 'Yer honur's in the right of it entirely; and I'll bare witness to that same. If it wasn't for that d——d thaif of a praist, sure the boys would never fight at all at all:—he 's always a-breiden quarrels among us.'"

"Father Croley exclaimed in reply, 'Yer honur! don't believe a word that the ould vagabond says. Tim Reardon, ye stole my penknife, last week; ye know ye did, ye reprobate o' the world!'

"'Me stale his pinknife!' roared out the old man, 'Oh! the Heavenly Father! look down upon us this day! Me stale yer durty pinknife, ye lousy blackgaard! Yer honur! if ye'll believe me, and *I wouldn't tell a lie* for all

Ireland for my potati garden, that man is the greatest rogue in the whole seven parishes.'

"'Get along out o' that, ye rapparree!' exclaimed the priest, raising a hand-whip, and coming up towards Tim in a threatening attitude.

"'Oh! by J——s, my dear, if ye're for that fun, ye'll get yer bellyful in no time,' retorted Tim, as he seized a shilelagh from one of the bystanders, and put himself in a posture of defence.

"'Come, come,' said I, 'let us have no quarrels.'

"'By the powers though, master, sure I'm not to be put upon by such a spalpeen as that,' returned the old man. 'Just look now at that loaded whip the bully has in his hand! Only wait now, till ye're about half-way on yer road home, and when he has drunk about a gallon of punch,—it 's then ye 'll see how he 'll be knocking us all about with that flail of a scourge of his!—Oh! the villain! to go for to say that I stole his pinknife—sure I'd scorn to do that same!'

" ' Ye're a robber, Tim,' persevered Father Croley; and ye know well ye're that same.'

" ' I take the Holy G——t to witness, yer honur,' said Tim, turning to me, ' that I niver stould any thing in all my born days, barrin' dhe four pound of bacon that I lifted by accident, and for which I got my reward in Cork gaol.'

" ' Swear him, yer honur: swear him on the Holy Gospels,' retorted Father Croley, taking a Latin Testament out of his pocket, ' and then ye 'll see if the ould raskill didn't steal my pin-knife.'

" On hearing this proposition, and on seeing the book, the countenance of the old man fell, and it appeared to me that he was guilty: but from this impression I was soon relieved; for having said, in reply to the priest's urgent entreaties to administer the oath, that I should do no such thing, for it was too trivial an affair to make a matter of conscience of, Tim's features became animated, and he exclaimed, " Oh! b——d and 'ounds, master, give me the oath!—swear me by all manner of manes:—I'll swear any thing—give me dhe book!'

" ' Nonsense !' I replied, ' don't let another word be said about such a *trifle*.' But, the more averse I appeared to be to administer the oath, the more clamorous was Tim for the book ; expatiating warmly on his own honour, and on the villainy of his accuser.

" At length, having expressed my desire that he should fall back among his companions, I said to the priest, ' Father Croley, I am sorry you should have lost your penknife, which must be a great inconvenience to you, particularly as you live so remote from any town or village ; but if you will do me the favour to accept of mine, it is heartily at your service.'

" With this I pulled out my knife, which was a very handsome one, and presented it to the priest, who received the gift most thankfully.—It was to this, indeed, that much of my success in persuading the people to retire peaceably to their homes, was owing ; for the reverend Father immediately bawled out, ' Boys ! there 's to be no fight to-day, at all ! His honur says it isn't daycint ; and so you must all go home in a paiceable manner, like

good Christians, and be glad ye have got no bones broke.'

"Disappointment showing itself on the countenances of several of the men on both sides, I backed Father Croley's mandate, by leaving three guineas to treat them all round with a glass of whiskey a-piece, on condition that the Father saw them all shake hands with each other before they left the ground.—This arrangement of their differences having been agreed to by all parties, I took my departure amidst blessings and huzzas that made the welkin ring! *

* In corroboration of the above account of the almost causeless feuds which frequently agitate the peasantry of Ireland, and of the apparent harmony with which, notwithstanding, they perform their religious duties, we here give an extract from the report of a trial of some of these disturbers of the peace in the counties of Tipperary and Limerick, before a special commission at Clonmel, in the year 1811.

James Slattery examined.

Question by the Chief Baron. "What is the cause of quarrel between these two parties, *the Shanavests* and *Caravats*?"—*A.* "*I do not know!*"

"When I had got on about a quarter of a mile, and was proceeding slowly up an emi-

Q. "What is the true reason?"—*A.* "*I cannot tell!*"

Q. "So then, according to your account, I am to understand that each party attacks the other by way of defence?"—*A.* "By the powers! and that 's just it."

Question by a Juror. "Were the men who were concerned in the affray of the month of August, the same that were concerned at the races of Coolmoyne?"—*A.* "Indeed you may say that:—they were the very same, sure enough."

Q. "Do you know a man of the name of Pauddeen Car?"—*A.* "And sure I do. He is my own uncle."

Q. "Was not he the principal ringleader and commander of the army of *Shanavests*?"—*A.* "Why, sure, he is a poor ould man, and not able to take the command."

Question by Lord Norbury. "Now, tell the truth:—What was the first cause of quarrel?"—*A.* "Why, plase your Lordship, wasn't it that same foolish dispute about the May-poles?"

Question by the Chief Baron. "Which is the oldest party?"—*A.* "The ouldest party!—Why, sure, I'd say they were exactly of the same age; but that the Caravats were going on two years before the Shanavests stirred."

Q. "Why were they called Caravats?"—*A.* "Sure, they were called that same, because one Hanly was

nence, talking with my servant of the agreeable termination of hostilities among these poor

hanged:—and he was parsecuted (prosecuted), by the Shanavests; and Pauddeen Car said, "as how he would not lave the place of execution, till he saw the *Caravat* (cravat) round the fellow's neck; and so from that time, they were called *Caravats.*"

Question by Lord Norbury. "For what offence was Hanly hanged."—*A.* "Sure and it's yerself as ought to know better nor me; 'twas yer Lordship hanged him."

Q. "Answer me to the point, Sir!—On your oath, Sir, what was his offence?"—*A.* "The poor fellow was hanged, God rest his sowl, for burning the house of a man who had taken land over his neighbour's head."

Q. "Then, this Hanly was the leader of the Caravats?"—*A.* "Before he was hanged, his party was called *the Moyle Rangers.*"

Q. "And who was the leader of the Shanavests?"—*A.* "The Shanavests were called Pauddeen Car's party."

Q. "Why were they called Shanavests?"—*A.* "They were called that same, because they wore *Ould Waistcoats!*"

Nicholas Saxton, another witness, gave nearly the same evidence as Slattery, respecting the origin and history of the parties of Caravats and Shanavests; he likewise proved, that all those connected with these illegal associations had no other object in taking up arms, than *to defend themselves against the attacks of each other!*

people, I heard a voice from behind, calling loudly, 'Stop one moment, yer honur! I wants to spake one word to ye, in private, if yer honur 'll grant me the permission.'

"We turned our horses' heads, and perceiv-

The Rev. John Ryan, Parish Priest of Feathard, examined.

Q. "How long have you been parish priest of Feathard?"—*A.* "Eight years last October."

Q. "Are you acquainted with all your parishioners?"—*A.* "Yes."

Q. "Do you recollect the races of Coolmoyne, last September?"—*A.* "I do.—I was at the races on the day of the fight, and heard a shot fired in the direction the Shanavests were."

On his cross-examination by the Solicitor-General, he further deposed, that at *the fair* he saw some of the Shanavests strike the Caravats.

Question by the Chief Baron. "Is it notorious in the parish, who are Shanavests and who are Caravats?"—*A.* "It is."

Q. "From a gentleman of your appearance and manners, I should wish to be informed what is the real cause of this quarrel?"—*A.* "*I never could find out the real cause!*"

Question by Lord Norbury. "Do the feuds of these insurgents prevent their attending Divine Service?"—*A.* "No, my Lord, God forbid!—Both Shanavests and Caravats attend Divine Service regularly and *indiscriminately.*"

ed the old man, before spoken of, running towards us with all his might. I immediately supposed that he had come to inform me of the commencement of the fray, notwithstanding my exertions to prevent it. We stood still until he came up with us, which he soon did, but much out of breath; and, when he had a little recovered, I eagerly asked him if the people had renewed their quarrel?"

"'No, yer honur, by no manner of manes,' answered the man; 'they 're all as happy as frindship and a dhrop of good whiskey can make them!'

"'I am glad to hear that,' said I; 'but why did you not stay among them, to have some likewise?'

Q. "Do they ever behave disorderly during Divine Service."—*A.* "Never, my Lord; they behave daycent, like brother and sister during the sarvice; but they 're like cat and dog out of it."

Q. "You mean out of the chapel?"—*A.* "Yes, my Lord; I mean that same."

Q. "Do you consider those feuds to be confined to the lower orders?"—*A.* "I think they are; I am not sure whether any respectable parishioner has joined them."

"'I humbly thank yer honur,' he replied, 'I did that same:—I drank long life to yer honur in a naggin, before I came away.'

"'What is your business then?' I inquired.

"If yer honur 'll be plased to spake a *quiet* word to me,' he answered, 'I 'll tell ye that same, without more ado.'

"Wondering what could be his errand, I told my servant to ride forward; and he was no sooner out of hearing than the old fellow thus began:—

"'Begging yer honur's pardon, what a Judy yer honur made of yerself; for to go and give your beautiful ornament to that desaiving raskill, Father Croley!'

"'Pooh! pooh! you silly man!' said I, 'is that all you have to talk with me about?—I was happy in having it in my power to prevent him from feeling the loss of his own.'

"'By the holy!' returned the old man, 'and dhat is dhe very thing dhat I blame ye for: howsomever, I couldn't bear to see yer honur so cru'lly desaived; and so I 've come after ye to give ye *his*!'

" ' His what ?' I inquired.

" 'Why, the tyrant's *pinknife*, to be sure: *I 've got it safe in my breeches' pocket*,—and, by the same token, *there it is*, yer honur.—I 'd sooner see the alouragh to the divil, than give him any satisfaction about his tool!'—Saying this, he thrust his forefinger and thumb into a thing like a pocket in his breeches, and put the priest's knife into my hand !

" Petrified with amazement at this singular *eclaircissement*, I looked at him for some moments; at length, the ludicrous mixture of his character burst upon me; and I could not help laughing at his assurance in so stoutly denying the theft a few minutes before, and his odd manner of acknowledging it now.

" The fact was, that this aged man's mind, though naturally imbued with a proper sense of justice, had become so corrupted by the universal oppression which reigned throughout the country, that all sense of right and wrong had become blunted. It had been roused to action upon the present occasion, by a slight impulse of gratitude; by private pique towards

his priest;—and by the desire of restoring to me some equivalent for what I had given away.

"I remonstrated with him on the iniquity of his conduct towards the reverend Father, saying, 'Now, Tim, how could you persist in telling such an untruth?—Suppose I had given you the book.'

"'Oh master, then,' replied Tim, 'I won't suppose no such thing:—don't we all know how timorous ye are to give the oath?'

"'But, suppose I had at last,' continued I, 'what a pretty situation you would have been in!—what could you have done?—You surely would not have forsworn yourself?'

"'By the hokey, then, master dear,' answered Tim, 'I'd have turned it all off with a laugh at the praist, and gived him his durty bit of iron back again.—For sure, why did I meddle with the thing at all at all? wasn't it at Neddy Blake's that I picked it up one day, when the Father was lying on the bench as drunk as a pig, and couldn't tell his knife from a scythe?—and wasn't my only raison for taking it, to prove that villain Jack Morgan to be no-

thing but a pumping informer, for he was the only one in the place, that wasn't blind drunk, that could ha' seen me.'

"'Well, Tim,' said I, 'you will excuse me from taking the priest's knife, which I hope you will find means to restore to him as soon as possible.'

"'And won't ye take it, yersilf, master?' returned Tim.

"'Certainly not, Tim,' replied I; 'you must return it to the owner, without delay.'

"'Oh thunder and 'ounds, master!' exclaimed the old man; 'hasn't he one from yersilf, worth a bushel of such rubbitch as dhis?—With yer honur's lave, I 'd like to keep it myself, any how, till I send Jack Morgan to hell without his ears—the spalpeen informer that he is!'

"Seeing that poor Tim was too old a sinner to admit of the least hope of reformation, I desired him to spare Morgan's ears; gave him half a crown for his *honesty*, and rode on.

"As I proceeded, I could not help exclaiming, 'Alas! unhappy Ireland, how art thou sunk in the scale of nations! The incubus of wretched-

ness—that monster begotten by tyranny upon superstition,—which sits so heavily upon thy lovely bosom, is the cause of too many instances of depravity similar to that which I have now witnessed. Thy children have lost the spirit, the courage, and the honour of their forefathers, and, like the Oriental slave, they have taken refuge from the hand of oppression in the intricate mazes of cunning, and in the dismal caverns of knavery and violence.—But will this degradation last for ever? Surely not. The heroic ardour of the ancient Gael will reanimate the drooping spirits of their sons, to deeds of greatness!—then, sweet Erin! clothed in thy emerald verdure, thou wilt reign as thou wert wont, the happy and the smiling Queen of the Western Seas!"

XXI.

THE IRISH PEASANTRY AND THEIR PASTORS.

(CONTINUED.)

THE foregoing conversation being renewed some time after, the same gentleman, in obedience to the wish of several members, who expressed an earnest desire to know more of the spirit and character of his countrymen, related several other curious anecdotes; some of which are as follow:—

THE ADULTEROUS PRIEST.

"You must know, gentlemen!" said he, "that though there is not, perhaps, in any country, a more decorous, moral, and virtuous priesthood, generally speaking, than in Ireland,

some of them have, of course, been suffered to fall into the snares of temptation. When such a misfortune occurs, however, the brethren, one and all, instead of withdrawing from the transgressor, (or his being *publicly* punished by his superiors,) seem to shut their eyes and ears against the accusation, let it be ever so glaring or loud. This, no doubt, proceeds, in some degree from the praiseworthy sentiment that they are all partakers in the shame of their brother; and from a rooted determination to prevent their own laity, and the members of the Protestant church, from pointing the finger of scorn at any individual delinquent; thinking that if the scandal be left to itself it will soon blow over: and I have no doubt, that this delicacy tends greatly to the preservation of purity among the Catholic priesthood of Ireland.

"A remarkable instance of this occurred some time ago, in the county of Cork:—A sawyer, who worked for a gentleman, was directed to attend early one morning to prepare timber for the carpenter; but he did not make his appearance till a late hour. His employer asked

him wherefore he had delayed, knowing how much he was wanted; but the poor fellow seemed labouring under the effect of great sorrow and agitation; and his brother, who was also his comrade at the sawpit, replied, 'Plase your honur, Maurice is hardly able to spake! and we would not have come to-day, at all at all, but to make a great complaint and woful lamentation to yer honur; for, as to work, that's out of the question!'

"'What's the matter?' said the gentleman; 'Maurice seems very weak—lead him to the servants'-hall, where he shall have something to recruit his spirits; and I will be with you immediately.'

"Having ordered some refreshment for the poor fellow, the gentleman soon afterwards went to hear the 'complaint and woful lamentation;' which he did from his brother, as follows:—

"'Plase your honur,' said he, 'Maurice and myself got up by cock-crow this morning, to come down here, according to orders; but as it was rather early when we comed out of the cabin, we laid our plan to go over to the other

side of the road into a little twig yard, to watch what Julian, Maurice's wife, would do;—because d'ye see, plase yer honur, Maurice and myself have both of us suspected her for some time, to be bad!'—

"'Oh! oh! oh!—murder! murder!' sighed and exclaimed poor Maurice; 'that iver I should live to see the day!'—

"'Well, and as I was a saying, plase your honur, there we stationed ourselves amongst the twigs, and by the time that Julian thought we were far enough off, didn't the cabin-door open? and Julian looked about her;—and didn't she make off to the southward and cross the river? and the divil a sight we lost of her, till we dogged her into the house she was bound for. And when we reached that same, as good luck would have it, by J— she forgot to fasten the door inside, and in we bowled; and blow me to the divil! master, if we didn't catch her in bed with Father Murtogh himself, and no body else, saving your honur's favour.'

"'Och! och! och!—Ochone! ochone! my heart is sinking in the inside of me,' ejaculated

poor Maurice; 'I am a dead man for the rest of my life;—I niver will recover this blow!'

"'Is this possible?' said the gentleman.

"'Oh! master, it is true as the sun,' said the brother; 'would I tell yer honur a lie? and of the praist, too!—O farragh!—it is far from me, that same thing;—and what are we to do, master?'

"'I understand,' answered the gentleman, 'that the bishop will be in this country shortly, on his visitation: your best way is to tell all the particulars to my steward; let him put the case on paper, and you can hand it to the bishop as he rides along.'

"'Long life to your honur! that same shall be done,' said both the men: and they departed for that purpose.

"The statement was prepared; the bishop and a party of his clergy did arrive in the country; and in about an hour after they had passed the gentleman's house, Maurice and his brother Jack arrived with the account of their expedition.

"'Well, Maurice,' inquired the gentleman,

'have you handed your complaint to the bishop?'

"'I have, master, sure enough,' replied Maurice, 'and I'll tell you all straight forward as it happened.—Well, as I was saying, didn't myself and Jack stand upon the bank watching his lordship's coming; and when I stood before him and made my reverence, didn't I give him the paper?—and blood and death! who should be riding cheek by jowl by the side of him, but Father Murtogh, his own self!

"'Well, his lordship bids his vycar take his horse's bridle, and out with his spectikles, and he reads my paper: and who did he show it to but to Murtogh?—and they fell whispering and looking at one another. And when his lordship had finished it, he stopped and called out, 'Where is the man who handed me this petition?'

"'With that I comed for'ard, forenent him, and said, making my reverence, 'I 'm the boy, my Lord, that gived you that paper.'—Whereupon he looked as if he would burn me up with the fire from his red nose, and he began at me like the very ould one himself.

"'My friend, you are very badly advised,' said he, 'but that, I see clearly by your petition. This paper was drawn up by some enemy of the Christian church,—he was no holy Roman Catholic:'—and then he looks at me as if his eyes would make a hole through my carcase, and he says, 'Confess now this moment of time, ye reprobate!—was it a Roman Catholic who wrote this petition?'

"'No, my Lord,' says I.—'Who was it?' says he.—'Would you have me turn informer, my Lord?' says I.—'I'll make you leave off your wickedness,' says he; 'you are a sinful man; you seek to bring scandal on our holy faith!—the accusation against your priest is *impossible!*'

"'I'll be d—d, master, if he didn't tell me to my very face, that it was impossible!—after Jack and myself catching Father Murtogh and Julian in bed together! and by the virtue of the cross! he gave me such a tearing, that any one to hear, must think I had been found guilty of the five—ay, by the powers! of all the seven cardinal sins;—but h-ll to the word to, or about, Father Murtogh, at all at all!'

"To conclude, Father Murtogh had several children by Julian, who, by the by, had never had any by her husband—the chief cause of her infidelity;—whilst her fruitfulness by the reverend Father was reputed to be the effect of righteousness!"

The foregoing anecdote having afforded much amusement to the gentlemen to whom it was addressed, Mr. ——— thus continued his account of the peculiarities of his countrymen, whose characters it would seem he had studied thoroughly:—

"I have already, gentlemen," said he, "given you an instance of the difficulty of preserving order and good morals among the Irish peasantry, in their present oppressed and degraded state, even were they under the very best constituted hierarchy.—

"I shall now relate two anecdotes, the first of which shows how the priests are sometimes *deceived* by their flocks, even in the solemn rite of Confession; particularly, when the matter to be confessed is a depredation on the

property of any Protestant who may have injured them:—and the second will illustrate that community of interest which exists between priest and people, and which compels the former, at the risk of giving mortal offence to the powers that be, to screen the petty offender's body from the arm of the law,—at the same time that he deals as gently with his immortal part, as the circumstances of the case will permit. I must premise, however, that very many of the irregularities of these poor people are to be ascribed to the denial of justice to them by their superiors, particularly the magistracy; the consequence of which is, that they are driven to the necessity of expedients, which wear the semblance of a gratification of the passion of *revenge;* though, in point of fact, they are only acting on the natural principle of the law of *retaliation;* their oppressors being, in almost every case, the *first* transgressors of the *law of the land.*

THE PRIEST AND THE PIGS.

"One day, during my residence in the

South of Ireland, I went to inspect a nursery of young trees by the side of the avenue which leads up to my house. Several labourers were at work upon it; and as I approached them, screened by the bushes, I overheard the following dialogue:—

"'Well, blood and 'ounds, boys, did you hear of Father Joe and Pat Horogan, about the pigs?'

"'No, Jack,' they all vociferated; 'let us have it.'

"'Why, you know Horogan stole Denny's pig?' said Jack.

"'Oh yes!' they all exclaimed, 'we know that.'

"'Well, then d'ye see,' continued their informant, 'when he was at confession he told this to Father Joe, who ordered him to behave himself or it would be worse for him—and to restore the pig that night.'

"'Oh, by the hokey! plase your Reverence,' said Pat, 'that's beyond the power of me: the pig is dead and gone, and eaten long enough ago.'

"'Pat, you are a bad member!' said Father Joe;—'what was the worth of the pig?'

"'Ten shilling, plase yer Reverence,' said Pat:—now the pig, as we all know, boys, was cheap at forty shilling, every hap'orth of it.'

"'Well,' says the Father, 'you must pay the man!'

"'Thunder and 'ounds! plase your Reverence,' says Pat, 'is it to give that Sassanac any thing?—By the powers! it is he that robbed myself! The tithe proctor rapparee, last harvest, chated me of three pound and more, and banished my brother, Mick Horogan, to England, by an extortion of a tithe note, that was paid before; and poor Micky forgot to take it up out of the villain's hands, as your Reverence knows better than I can tell you.'

"'That is true, Patrick,' said Father Joe; 'but our holy religion does not allow of stealing the goods of another: it is against the commandments of God.'

"'But, thunder and death!' says Pat, 'is there two kinds of commandments,—one for

these Cromwellian robbers; and another for us, poor plundered Irish craturs?'

"'No,' said the priest, 'but though these Protestants pay no obedience to the word of God, because they have the foreign laws at their side—that does not justify *us* to dispense with them.'

"'Oh murder!' said Pat, 'then I am to have no revenge at all at all?—Well, there 's no help for it! Plase your Reverence, here is the ten shilling for you.'

"'Very good,' says Father Joe: 'now, my dear child, go home, and pray to God to give you strength to resist the Divil and all his works:—and the holy Vargin be with you on your way!'

"'Well, boys, Pat took his leave; but presently returned, and says to Father Joe, 'Plase your Reverence, that Sassanac murderer has *another pig* of the same litter:—*I'll take her at the same money.*'

"'Oh no, Pat,' said the Father, 'I'll have nothing to do with it *in that line.*'—

"Here the whole party set up a loud laugh, and Jack thus continued :—'Well now, boys, ye'll be right glad to hear the end of it :—Pat set off with himself; and by the holy! he took off the *other* pig that same night, and gived Father Joe the other ten shilling :—so, ye see, Joe has twenty shilling, and Pat Horogan *has his three pound back.*'—

"Peals of laughter now burst from the party, all of whom loudly applauded Pat's ingenuity in doing himself justice, and in tricking his confessor."—

A question here arising as to the honesty of Father Joe, and the apparent collusion between him and Horogan in stealing the second pig, the narrator thus explained :—

"We must not take it for granted, gentlemen," said he, "that the expression alleged to have been used by the priest, 'I 'll have nothing to do with it *in that line*,' is *literally* correct. I have related the dialogue as I heard it spoken ; and I have no doubt that these words were attributed to him by way of joke, and to raise a laugh at his expense. As to the *deodands*,—

that Father Joe restored the exact sum to the owner of the pigs, which he received from Horogan, I was assured of by Denny himself; and that the reverend Father believed twenty shillings to be the full value of the two animals, is as certain.—The relation, as delivered by Jack to his fellows, merely proves that the Irish Catholics do not hold their priesthood exempt from avarice and divers other frailties incident to human nature."

"I will now relate an instance of finesse or pious fraud, on the part of a Catholic priest; which, I have no doubt, you will allow to be creditable both to his head and heart."

CURSING FROM THE ALTAR!

"At a confessional station, in an Irish farm house of the better sort, the spiritual ceremonies being all disposed of, the priest and the communicants sat down, on a footing of perfect equality, to an abundant dinner; which being concluded, they commenced paying their

respects to the whiskey, of which they poured out plentiful libations.

"Whilst they were thus amusing themselves, the servant of a neighbouring Protestant gentleman brought to the priest a note from his master, written in these words:—

"'REVEREND SIR,

"'This morning I discovered that an ash-tree, *well worth twenty guineas*, had been cut down, last night, or the night before, off my land here; you will greatly oblige me by *cursing in the most dreadful manner*, from the altar, next Sunday, the miscreant, or miscreants, guilty of this *horrible* crime.

"'You will let me know when you are drawing your turf, that I may send help.

Your's, &c.

E. SMITH.'

"The priest put on his spectacles, read the note twice or thrice, and said, 'My boy, give my hearty commendations to your worthy master—tell him how I was engaged here in my

offices—or that I would not send a verbal message; and, do you hear, boy, tell your master that I will pay every attention to his letter—that I will.—Mr. Leary,' (*to the host,*) 'give Mr. Smith's boy a glass of punch, if you plase.—And, Mr. Leary, (I beg pardon for being so bold in your house,) I shall propose a good health to Mr. Smith—upon my word, he is a worthy gentleman.—Here is to*wards* Mr. Smith's good health!' (*drinking.*) 'Drink to your master's health, my boy.' The glass being quaffed, the priest continued—'Here, my child, take another glass to your master's health,'—which of course he did.

"The servant having taken his departure, the priest pulled Mr. Smith's letter out of his pocket, and read it *pro bono publico*, laughing heartily, and saying, 'Upon my word, miracles have not ceased yet. I am sure I know every tree on Mount Pleasant, and I never heard of one of them being worth five shillings!'

"'And what will you do, Father Mulligan?' said the farmer; 'will you curse the boy that took away the tree?'

"'Upon my word,' replied the priest, 'I don't like to do such a thing; unless the thief becomes stubborn and hardened, and that too long time passes before I hear of it in confession.'

"'*Dar dia!*' said the farmer, 'I wouldn't gratify the Sassanac thief by any such thing: sure it's a good deed to cut down his trees, and himself too, if need be, for he's a great oppressor, and be d—d to his Cromwellian sowl!'

"This sentiment, which met with general concurrence, the priest could not do otherwise than endeavour to repress; but his arguments made very little impression upon his audience, who were far from being pleased that Smith's wish was to be complied with.

"When the controversy had somewhat subsided, a poor beggar-man presented himself at the open window, and in piteous accent begged for alms, 'in the name, and for the tender mercy of God!'—

"This petition being repeated two or three

times, the priest said, 'Go away from that;—there is nothing for you—go!—be on the march immediately!'—

"One of the farmers now seeing that this was a good opportunity for playing off a sarcasm on the priest, thus addressed the beggar-man: 'O you fool, what made you make mention of the name of God?—why did not you say you came from Ned Smith, and you would get a couple of glasses of punch, any how.'—The priest was ashamed and gave the poor man a few pence; at the same time recommending him to the care of the host.

"At length Sunday came, which was the time that Father Mulligan was to perform his promise to Mr. Smith; and after the sermon he thus delivered himself: 'Good Christians, I am credibly informed that an ash tree of the value of twenty guineas was cut down, last Tuesday or Wednesday night, on the land of Edward Smith, Esquire:—now, my curse, and the curse of God, light upon the man who cut down the said tree *of the value* of *twenty guineas*, on the

estate of the said Mr. Smith, unless he confesses the same; when he will be farther admonished.'—

"When the words of this curse came to be commented on, it was allowed to be the neatest and cleverest thing ever heard of in the parish."*

Among other very curious and entertaining anecdotes of the Irish priesthood, the following produced such convulsive roars of laughter, by the inimitable manner in which the gentleman above alluded to related it, that the writer can-

* Whilst on the subject of Catholic cursing, it may not be amiss to insert here a couple of Presbyterian effusions of the same kind.

A Scottish clergyman, named Linning, thus cursed Louis XIV. of France, in his prayers:

"*Lord curse him, confound him, and damn him; distress him and deride him as thou didst Pharaoh, Senacherib, and our late King James, and his father Charles!*"

Another of these gentry, a young fellow named Fraser, thus blasphemously pronounced the *blessing* after a sermon which he preached at Jedburgh:

"*The curse of the Lord Jesus Christ, and of God the Father, and of the Holy Ghost, be upon all those that hear the word and profit not by it!*"

not do better than conclude this article by its insertion from his note-book :—

A GENUINE CATHOLIC SERMON.

" About sixty years ago," said he, " when the celebration of mass subjected the priest to the dreadful horrors of a *premunire*, a Rev. Mr. Lynch, Catholic pastor of the parish of ——, in the county of Galway, preached a sermon to his flock, (who were pent up in an old malt-house,) which for its singularity is worthy of relation, as well as on account of the notice taken of it by the people then in power.

" He took his text from the book of Tobit, wherein *he said* was written,—

' Love me, love my dog.'—

" He descanted for some time on the loveliness of alms-giving—universal charity and benevolence—and dwelt on the superior manner in which these pre-eminent virtues are practised by the professors of the Holy Roman Catholic faith. Contrasting which, with that professed by other sects, he thus expressed himself :—

" ' My brethren—the three churches, the Catholic, the Presbyterian and the Protestant, may be compared to the *three cheeses!*—the mullahone cheese—the buttermilk cheese—and the cream cheese.

" ' Take the mullahone cheese and put it before the fire; and it will drop a little drop of grace, but no glory:—that is the Presbyterian church.

" ' Take the buttermilk cheese and hould it before the fire; and it will spit and fizz—and spit; but no drop—no drop:—there is neither grace nor glory there!—That is the Sassanac Protestant church.

" ' Now, good Christians, take the cream cheese and hould *it* before the fire:—you 'll see how it will drop, drop, drop,—oh, so rich and so sweet!—beautiful to look upon, delightful to the taste, refreshing to the spirit! Oh! there is the grace—there is the glory!—that is the holy Roman Catholic church, against which the gates of hell cannot prevail.

" ' My children, these Protestants pretend to say, that it is forbidden to worship graven

images, for which they have a commandment; and they say we split their tenth commandment in two halves, because we leave out the one against the images!—

"'Now I'll show you plainly what murdhering thieves these Protestants are. In the first place, have they the book in which these commandments were written by the finger of God:—sure it is not many years since these deserters quitted our ranks. How then did they get the book?—they stole it, I suppose. If so, who would believe a thief?—Oh, no; the book was always in the holy keeping of St. Peter, and given by him into the hand of his Holiness the Pope:—therefore, there can be no mistake—it is all right as in *our* books.

"'Again, dear Christians, attend to these Protestants' words. 'Don't worship graven images,' they say:—but when was this commandment of the Protestant's given?—In the time of Moses? Oh, holy Father! come down, and judge this!—Why there was not an engraver for two thousand years after Moses was dead and berried in the bottom of the red say.

" ' Again, these Protestants say that ' God commanded not to make the likeness of any thing in Heaven above ;'—the Lord save us !—How was it possible for any man to know any thing of Heaven above, that he could take off the likeness of any thing there ?—would the Great God make such a law as that ?—

" ' Again,—' nor of any thing in the water under the earth.'—These Englishmen,—these Sassanacs, who began the rebellion against their holy mother, talk of us Irish making blunders and bulls, as they call them !—who ever heard of such a thundering bull as this ?—make the likeness of any thing in the water *under* the earth ?—The water *under* the earth !—I always thought the waters lay *on* the earth :—but these Protestants go to hell for likenesses. What water is there *under* the earth but the *lake of burning fire* ?—How was a holy Roman Catholic to know any thing of that place ?—God rest the sowls of the faithful !—that he should be forbidden to draw a picture out of it ? Is not this to make an insignificant crature of the Great God ; to be making laws against what it

was impossible to do?—these Protestants may as well have forged a law against flying up to heaven!

"'But they say that the Papists,—as the villains call the holy Roman Catholics,—make pictures of saints, and bow down before them and worship them:—look round these walls, my children!—we have no pictures here, at all events, the Lord save us! Here we are, celebrating the unspoted sacrifice of the mass, in this wretched magazine of malt:—long life to Mr. Blake for allowing that same to us! But, indeed, if ye were to be in the Vatican,—the chapel apostolical of his Holiness,—it is there you *would* see the fine paintings and pictures of holy men!—and for what?—for what, but to keep them alive in our memories, and make our gratitude the greater, if possible, to those glorious saints in Heaven, to whom the fathers of these Englishmen,—these Sassanacs,—were all praying and recommending their sowls, thirty or forty years ago:—or, say three or four hundred years ago;—sure all time is but a span in the sight of the Great God!

"'But suppose we did bow down to them

and pray for their good-will, and good word: if we had these pictures,—more 's the pity that we are not able to mount them;—why not?—What is my text?—

> 'Love me, love my dog.'
> Love God, love his saints:
> Love his saints, love his saint's images.—

that, I believe, is as plain as that one and one make two.

"'But of all the blasphemies that ever were heard of, none of them equals that of these Protestants, when they say there is no such place as *purgatory*.—Was the like ever heard afore?

"'Now, in the first place, what can any mortals upon the face of the earth do without purgatory?—Whereabouts are the poor sowls to go, when they have taken their flight from their mass of earthly bodies, waiting the judgment? Do the guilty go to the enjoyment of Heaven with the saints and martyrs, for God only knows how long? Or do the righteous go to hell amongst the damned?—the damned, do I say? How can they be condemned before conviction?—no, my brethren, they are conducted to *purgatory*, where they may be purged of the in-

of this wicked world; made partakers of a glorious resurrection; and from thence be summoned to undergo a fair trial at the last day, when this world will be on fire and have an end.

"'The beautiful order of God's works is disfigured altogether without this place of *refreshment* and atonement.—

"'But what signifies talking and guessing?—let us come to the *point*.—Ye all remember poor Val Lynch, the lame tailor, and my own namesake,—God rest his sowl!—*he* went to that said purgatory. There he was snug enough, whilst we were berrying him here. Well, Val was a jovial sowl; and as he was taking his pipe, and playing his tricks, leaning against the wooden partition, between purgatory and hell, in a fit of laughter, the boards gave way; and over he went, head over heels, into the bottomless pit!

"'It was not long before I had news of his sad condition: and off I went to the Bishop of Elphin to make my complaint. The bishop set off to the Archbishop of Tuam; the archbishop dispatched his vycar to his Holiness the Pope; his Holiness wrote to St. Peter; and

St. Peter sent an order to the Divil,—the Lord save us!—to deliver up Val immediately. And where is Val now? Is not he snug in purgatory?—that he is, upon my vestment!

"'But, these Sassanacs say *after all this*, that there is no such place as purgatory!—The next time any of you hears one of them say so again, I'll tell you what you'll say to him; and may be that will convince him:—tell him *he lies!*—that is it—tell him *he lies!*—

"Well, the reverend Father was so proud of his composition, which was very long, and all to the same purpose, that he had it *printed!* and a copy being laid before the Privy Council of Ireland, of that day, that *sapient* and enlightened body answered Father Lynch's *arguments* in a like style of wisdom; and *equally calculated to bring home conviction* to the minds of their proselytes.—*They offered a reward of 500l. for the apprehension of the preaching delinquent!*"

END OF VOL. I.

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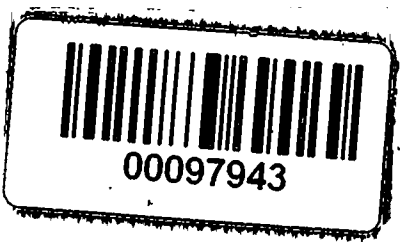
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